THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1740

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MAY 27, 1933

SUMMER CRUISING SECTION
IN THIS ISSUE

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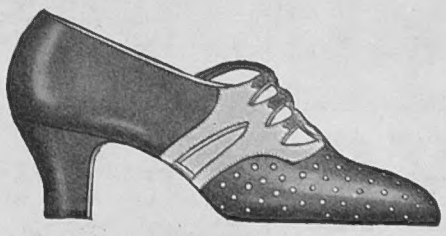

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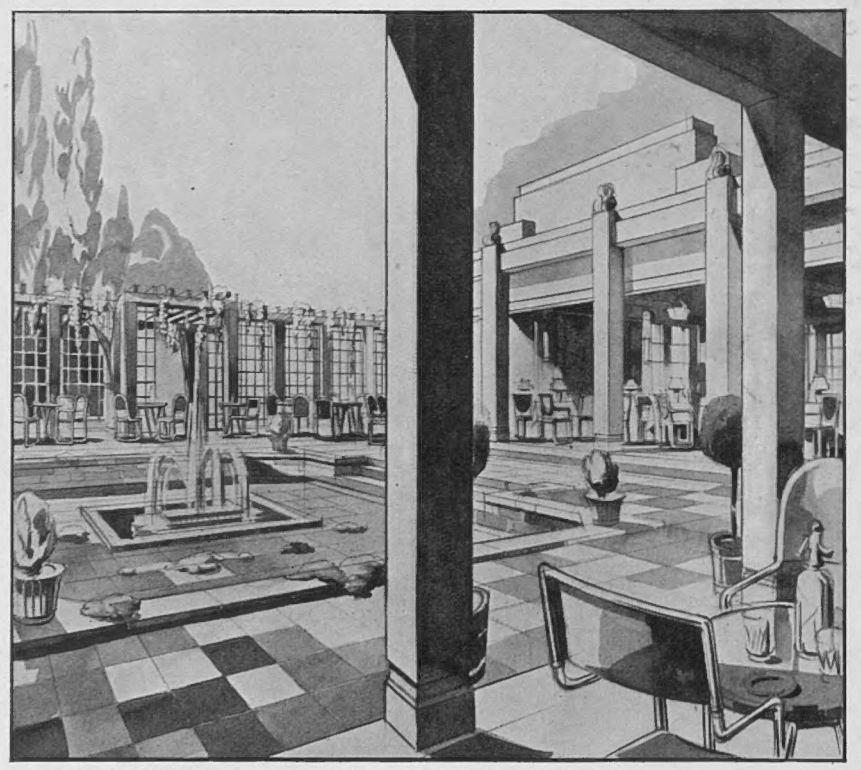

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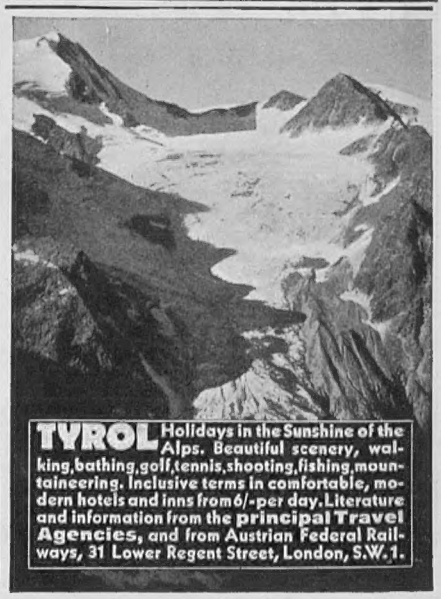

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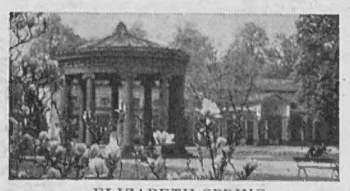

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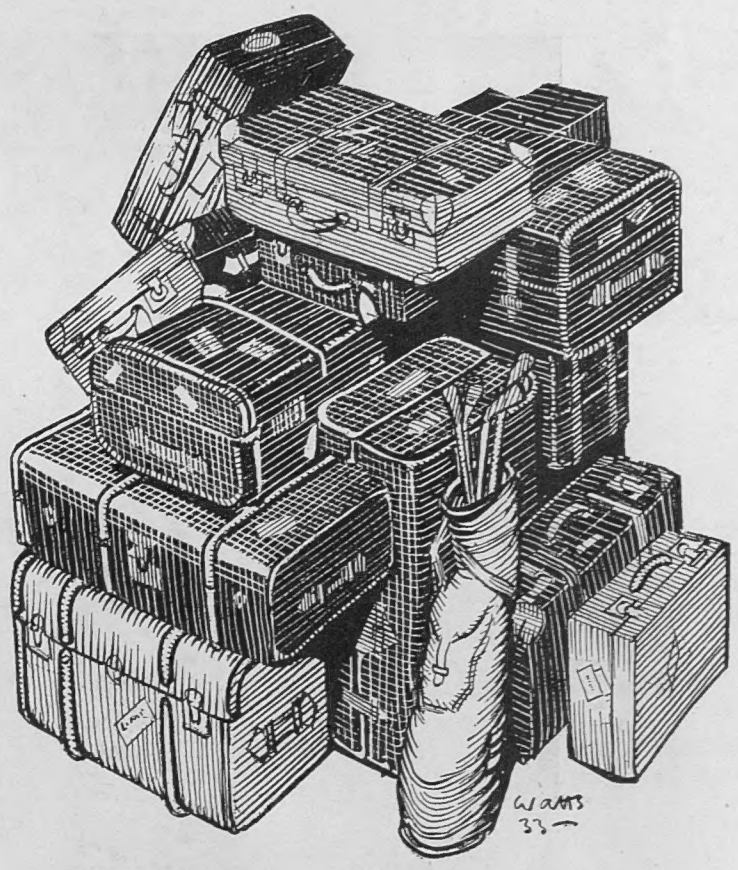

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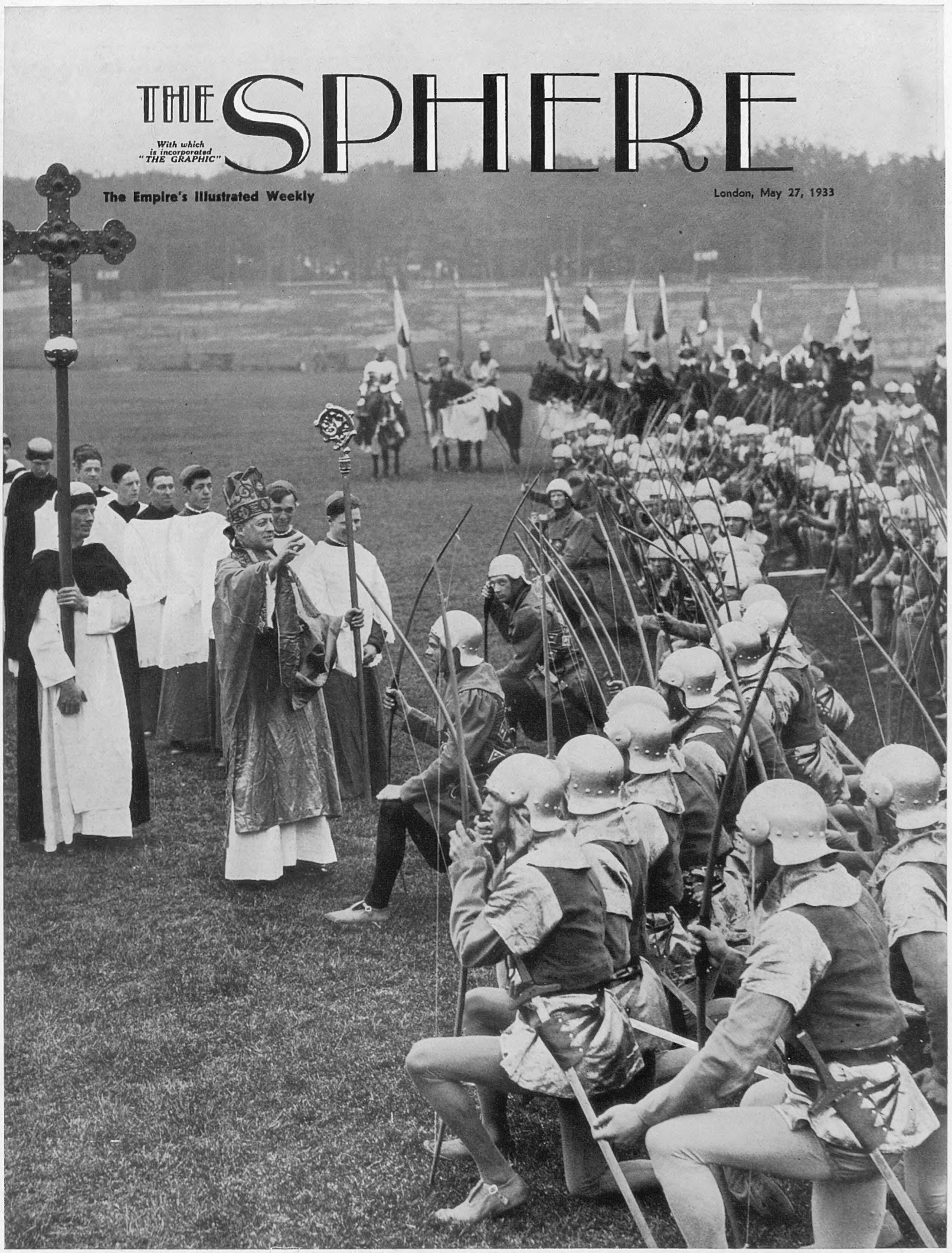
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 27, 1933



AGINCOURT at ALDERSHOT

The Church gives its Blessing to Henry V and his Army Before Battle—A Scene in the Rushmoor Arena During a Full-Dress Rehearsal for the Aldershot Tattoo

The Aldershot Tattoo, which opens on June 10 in the celebrated Rushmoor Arena, bids fair to be as brilliant and thrilling a pageant of military history as ever it has been in the past. For weeks now troops have been in active preparation in order to attain perfection in the historic scenes they have to play. In the above picture of a rehearsal in progress a cleric is seen blessing Henry V and his archers before the encounter of St. Crispin's Day when, in 1415, with a meagre army of some 9,000 men, he defied and defeated at Agincourt 60,000 of the picked troops of France and the flower of her nobility. Ten thousand of the French were killed that day, and 14,000 prisoners fell into English hands—a day which Shakespeare has immortalized for all time in his famous play, *Henry V*, and in the words he put into the mouth of the King as he made his final address to the troops. This will be only one of the many scenes which will bring history to life at Rushmoor. There will be enacted, too, the story of Khartum, the battle of Omdurman, and the death of General Gordon. And through the evening massed bands will play their marches and help to provide one of the most thrilling and spectacular entertainments of the summer season

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THE ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCE and the Duke and Duchess of York in Porcelain"—one of the many delightful Palladium on

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

THE FLOWER-DECKED ROYAL BOX: The King and Queen with the Duke and Duchess of York acknowledging the reception from the audience immediately after arrival at the Royal Command Performance at the Palladium

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 24, 1933.

THE THREE VOICES.

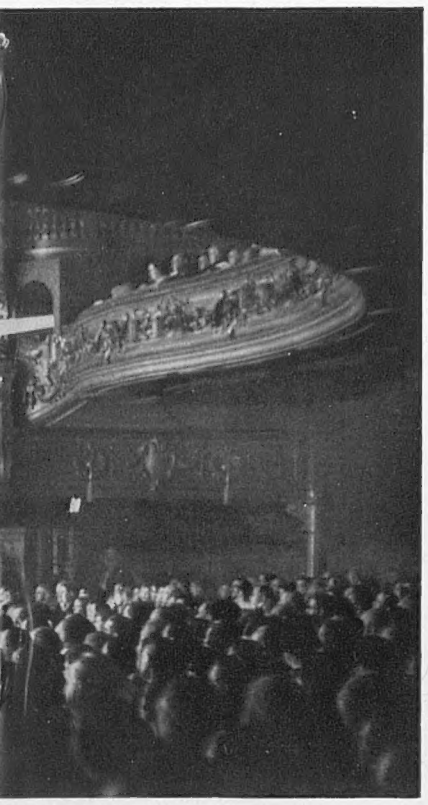
—Three voices, recently raised, have convulsed the listening earth. Von Papen's, babbling of the glory of war; Roosevelt's, carefully broadcasting the vital need for permanent peace; and Hitler's, explaining that the mysterious object in his hand is an olive branch and not a sword. There could be no question which of those voices would make the deepest impression and the widest appeal, if Roosevelt could have spoken with the opinion of all America solid behind him. He might have spoken more convincingly two months ago in the first hour of an absolute moral dictatorship. To-day the forces of reaction are no longer disorganized, and what he said was guarded and hedged about with qualifications. It is good, however, that an American President should have spoken to the whole world and that his subject should have been the problems of Europe; and even though he clothed with his words a number of obvious truths, it is good that America should have set them on record. There are pacts passed and conferences ahead of us, and they have the name of shadows. The promise of willingness to confer or of conditional co-operation is sorry comfort for a disillusioned world, but we all understand Roosevelt's difficulties, we are all resigned to delay, and we appreciate that his heart is right and that what a man can do, he will do. If civilization could but agree to the MacDonald plan and to a definite pact of non-aggression, a sense of security would result, partial but substantial, which would pave the way for re-establishing world trade and reviving economic confidence. When the lion is roaring in the forest, no one takes much account of the voices of the jay or popinjay. The peace of Versailles is not an original theme, and it cannot now be convincingly cited as a justification for war.

THE MIRACLE OF GENEVA.

—But Hitler's voice was listened to with respect and the attention due to a public figure already famous as a demagogue, and now for the first time coming forward as a statesman. It is impossible to deny that he relieved the tension of Europe. In supporting Roosevelt, who in turn supported with slight modifications the MacDonald plan, he not only strengthened Germany's case in the eyes of the world, but brought into an infinitely more hopeful light the means of securing world disarmament and clearing the way for a solution of the world's economic problems. Germany will not stand in the way of world disarmament on MacDonald–Roosevelt lines, provided that the process, at the end of five years more, shall bring her, by the gradual diminishing of armaments on the part of her neighbours, on an armament equality with them. If this is not accepted as an olive branch by those nations whose hesitancy or obstinacy blocks the way to disarmament, then indeed Hitler is not to be blamed if he strip off the leaves and lay bare the sword. For if the Peace of Versailles is not now to be cited as a justification for war, it is to-day accepted by all impartial judges as the one obstinate barrier to peace. Without a doubt the situation of the world, on the eve of vital decisions, is easier and more hopeful than it was a fortnight ago. At the eleventh hour the barriers are falling, and there is some chance of a definite acceptance before June 12 of the main terms of a disarmament convention. A week ago such a prospect seemed impossible. Geneva had abandoned hope. But on Friday, May 19—a day to be marked with a white chalk—Germany's representative not only confirmed before the world the assurances which Hitler had made, but (on the same conditions) committed Germany to a further stage, to accept the MacDonald plan, not as a basis for discussion, but as the basis of the convention. And so, with a new hope, the suffering world waited for a further pronouncement from America which might help to smooth away the remaining hesitation of France. If Mr. Davis's words failed to remove the last barrier, Geneva at least believes that the age of miracles is not past.

THE LOST LEADER.

—The circumstances under which *The Lost Leader* came to be written are disputed, but written it was, and (in the words of the puffs of Mr. George's War Memoirs) "the author's reputation as a hard hitter loses nothing by its publication." In speaking of Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memories*, which appear at a singularly unfortunate juncture, many people will undoubtedly employ that famous quotation: "Just for a handful of silver



AT THE PALLADIUM: The King and Queen in the Royal Box watching a "Romance in acts provided for their entertainment at the Monday night

. . . "—the reputations of marshals, whose bones lie fathoms deep, are dragged out again, like Cromwell's body, to be drawn and quartered; the faults and hesitancies and failures, which (since even pre-war and war statesmen and soldiers were human) we have admitted and forgiven and half forgotten, are stressed again. No one questions that Mr. George played a big part in winning the War. As the puffs put it: "He was in a position to know exactly what was happening and to form correct judgments, etc. . . ." But "what good came of it at last?" What a thousand pities that his great effort spent its force with the Armistice, that that knowledge, that clear vision and intense energy vanished with the sound of the gunfire, and that the Versailles deliberations found in him a mere human being, as blind, as vacillating, as prejudiced as any of those dead and gone leaders whom he trounces and shows up to-day! That so great an effort should have been wasted, that so mighty a war leader should have proved so sorry a statesman, when it came to a reckoning, and that from the seeds of his victory should have sprung such deadly poisons. What a pity!

ROOS MEMORIAL STAKES.

—Coalition has triumphed in South Africa while our thoughts have been elsewhere, and a happier political era opens for the Union. Tableau:—The two generals shaking hands over the body of poor Mr. Roos. It is ironic enough. Mr. Roos resigned from the bench to return to politics with a big idea in his country's dire need, to force a coalition by himself playing the part of trimmer in the conflict of parties. His idea has materialized with success beyond all hopes. The Union's Coalition beats our own in unanimity, but Mr. Roos and his little party are annihilated and the man with the big idea is flouted and forgotten. It was ever thus:

When married folks are flouting,
And a stranger pokes his snout in,
He's sure to get the worst for his pains.

No more politics for Mr. Roos, and, one fears, no more administration of justice. He is not the first man to reflect ruefully that in the internecine warfare of modern politics it needs a deal of experience to survive and that the gift of holding one's tongue concerning his personal ambitions is a vital weapon in such warfare.

A RETIRED ANGLO-INDIAN?

—A plethora of candidates went a-wooing the suffrages of Hitchin. The Socialists chose Mr. W. Bennett who once held South Battersea. The Liberals waited on the Conservatives. They did not oppose Lord Knebworth, and have taken the same wise course again. For the Conservatives regard the seat as a gift, and Hitchin affords a good chance for a live-wire National to make his presence felt in public life. Sir Cecil Neumann's name was mentioned, so was Mr. Hogbin's, who organized food production during the War. A third candidate was Sir Arnold Wilson, who was described as a retired Indian administrator. It is a very limited description of an exceedingly brilliant personality. Sir Arnold is far from being a retired Anglo-Indian. He is at the very height of his powers, and they are of the first order. He is a wonderfully persuasive speaker, producing a flow of clear-cut ideas, often of a startling kind, with a force and frankness which speak of moral courage of a high order. He is out to call attention to and to check abuses, to throw scorn on compromise, and to show up by means of clear reasoning and accurate statistics such instances of official waste and weakness as come to his notice. Not long ago a speech of his was acclaimed with a general shout of "You ought to be in Parliament." The Conservatives in the constituency have adopted him, and I fancy Hitchin will send him there.

ROYAL DUKES.

—So much flapdoodle has been written round the lives and peculiarities of Queen Victoria's uncles that a little restraint and discrimination between fact and fiction concerning them comes not amiss. These boisterous, or dingily eccentric, princes were for the most part mediocrities thrust into the limelight, and were no worse and no better than their peers and contemporaries. The fierce light which beats on a throne concentrated on and enhanced their weaknesses and blinded all eyes to such virtues as they possessed. Providence made a sport of them. It gave with one hand and took away with the other. The one able and energetic prince was so repulsive as to be doomed to failure, the one virtuous prince was a crashing bore, the soldier was turned out as a wooden toy soldier made in Germany, and so on. It was never more difficult to be a Royal prince than in the age of privilege and licence which preceded the Victorian age. Mr. Roger Fulford, in his *Royal Dukes*, has placed these Royal brothers in a truer perspective, to the discomfort of a host of female muck-rakers in the scrap-heap of the Reform Bill era. He has employed several weapons not found in the armament of these amateur scavengers—a sense of humour, a sense of proportion, a liking for accuracy, and a sound and clear appreciation of the political events of the day. His collection of essays or short biographies have the appearance of slightness, but they contain the fruits of much research and are models of their kind.

A COMFORTABLE CREED.

—One habit of mind common to many of my friends never ceases to surprise and often irritates me. It is the comfortable belief that Britain for all time will be spared the sudden revolutionary convulsions which upheave "less happy" nations. "Less happy," in their view, because we Britons have God-sent gifts in our national character—a sense of humour, a love of order, a sense of meum and tuum, a hard common sense, a notable phlegm. We are besides politically more experienced than any other nation and gain accordingly a better judgment from the reading of history. Hence such revolutions as Communism and Fascism are not for us. The Communists are but a handful of tub-thumpers, Sir Oswald Mosley's followers follow in a taxi-cab, etc. Well, of course, if it comes to that, the same sort of jest was made not so long ago about Hitler. But as to our national qualities. The question which worries me is this: even assuming that we possess that catalogue of virtues (which I don't for a moment admit), are they so inherent and so stout as to withstand the pressure of the kind of circumstances which bring revolutions about even among sober, steady races? So far—so good. If the tide has turned, capitalism may perhaps spread its wings for one more flight. But up to Friday, May 19, we were all set—even we, the chosen people—for a reaction which must have led inevitably to one of these cataclysms, and we are not yet out of the wood.

OXFORD PRESERVATION.

—Less spectacular in its achievements than some of its predecessors, the sixth annual Report of the Oxford Preservation Trust records steady progress. The green belt round Oxford grows, and those who love the grey old city of dreaming spires continue to rally round. It is a model watch committee for a famous and beautiful city, a committee of taste, tact, energy, initiative, and business ability. *O si sic omnes!* The purchase of nearly sixty acres of South Park, Headington, is completed; the pylon question is satisfactorily settled; many old eye-sores have been removed by agreement; the gas interests have promised to "black out" by planting and by colour schemes their hideous gas-holders; pressure is being brought to bear to complete the vital Northern By-pass to relieve the traffic congestion in the city; and the committee is taking in time the rapid expansion of East Oxford by securing open spaces. Two fine tributes to the committee's efficiency are recorded. The Pilgrim Trust has weighed-in again with £10,000 and an anonymous alumnus has done the same. Every ancient city and even village should and could set up a watch committee on the Oxford model.

MORE GARDENS.

—Here is fare for garden-lovers for the week-end. I speak only of what I know, and without fear or favour or doubt. There is Leonardslee (Horsham) for the expert—and the amateur, an indescribable glory of azaleas. There is Woolbeding (Midhurst), the perfect natural garden of your dreams, with its famous fountain, tiny church, largest known tulip tree, and its memories of Fox, Lord Robert Spencer's constant guest. There is Brockenhurst Park, for forest lovers; Cobham Hall (Kent), with its fine old house. All the above open on Saturday 27th. On Sunday 28th, Minterne, Cerne Abbas, Dorset (the village itself is thrilling enough); Clarendon Park, Salisbury; Crown Point, Norwich. On Monday 29th, your chance positively comes for Great Tangley, Guildford. If you miss it, well, it won't be my fault. I mark Woolbeding and Great Tangley with three stars in *my* Baedeker. Support this golden scheme to aid district nursing. It is a League of Nations in microcosm, and there is nothing microscopic in its power for good.

THE DERBY.

—Before the next issue of THE SPHERE the Derby of 1933 will be added to the records of a race which was instituted in 1780 and has been a public holiday for more than a century. For long 1861 held the time record of the old course. It was beat in 1920 by Spion Kop. Captain Cuttle (1922) and Call Boy (1927) hold the records for the new course. Last year's winner (need I remind you?) was Tom Walls' April the Fifth. Ere we meet again, some of you will be riding in your Rolls-Royces, others perhaps, sadder and wiser, picking up second-hand a 1920 Morris. Whether Manitoba, or Hyperion, Rodosto, Young Lover, King Salmon, or Outsider has it (I fancy a Scots name myself in the first three), here's to happiness for the lucky and philosophy for the luckless. There are worse things than suddenly becoming very rich after a life of contented poverty—but not many.

THE OLD STAGER

HE SONS OF THE KING AND QUEEN: A hitherto unpublished group portrait of the four Royal brothers taken on one of the few occasions that their arduous duties have allowed of their being photographed together. Reading from the left: Prince George (the youngest son, born 1902), the Prince of Wales (born 1894), the Duke of York (born 1895), and right the Duke of Gloucester (the tallest, born 1900)

HOME —

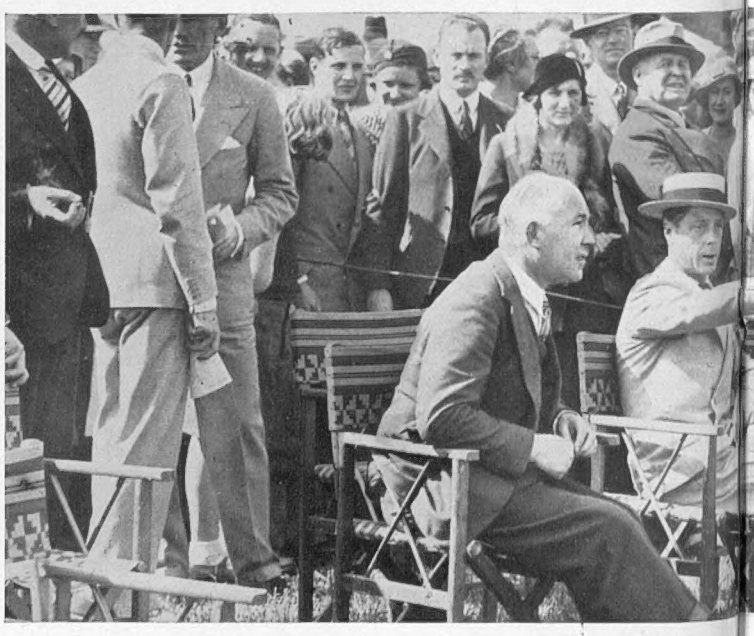
Lingfield's Guide to the Brooklands—A Half-Cen Railway — The Annual

ANOTHER MASCULINE GAME INVADED: Miss Defries, captain of the Southdown Ladies' Polo Club, seen with one of her ponies prior to a match at Preston Park, Brighton. The team is now playing matches against all comers, including several of the crack men's clubs

FIFTY YEARS ON THE RAILWAY: Mr. George Solomon, G.W.R. carriage inspector (*left*) receiving the good wishes of a member of his staff at Plymouth on the completion of half a century of service with the railway. He was given a great send-off on his retiral

THE REED HARVEST AT WROXHAM: A charming view of the Broads where enjoying the thrills of pleasure cruising. The Norfolk reed is

RACING AT LINGFIELD: A view of the crowded stands during one of the the Derby Trial Stakes. The race was won by Mr. W. M. G. Singer's head from Thrapston and Gino. Last year Mr. Tom Walls' April the Fifth The distance of the race being a mile and a half, the same as the Derby, stone from



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INTEREST IN AVIATION: Watching the Guild of Saturday. The Prince at the same time did Luton and its chief industry a full of them on Monday, and it seems that once again

NEWS

Derby — The Prince at
tury of Service on the
Pilgrimage to Lourdes

the harvest is now in full swing and many hundreds of holidaymakers are
one of the finest materials of its kind for thatching purposes

races at last Saturday's meeting. A feature of an excellent programme was
well-backed colt. Myosotis, which started favourite at 3—1 and won by a
was the winner before going on to score a spectacular success in the Derby.
the staying powers of the runners were well tested. The winner received a
Thrapston

Air Pilots and Navigators' second annual aerial display at Brooklands last
good turn by appearing in one of the latest models in straw hats. London was
the "boater" is to be the mode for the mere male

THE DUCHESS AMONG THE CHILDREN: Children filing past the Duchess of York after she had opened last week the new wing of Bishop Stortford Hospital. The Duchess is seen receiving purses from the children representing gifts to the hospital

ROMAN CATHOLIC PILGRIMS SETTING OUT FOR LOURDES: The Archbishop of Cardiff, one of the leaders of the pilgrimage, blessing the travellers at Victoria Station before their departure for France. Over a thousand pilgrims knelt in prayer on the departure platform

THE REICHSBANK PRESIDENT IN LONDON: Dr. Schacht, who arrived at Southampton from America on May 19 where he had been on a visit to President Roosevelt. He is seeing Mr. Montagu Norman while in London

THIS WAR TALK:

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON

The Possibility of Another Conflict after Nineteen Years Once More Becomes the Talk of Café and Beer-hall

Within a few weeks the World Economic Conference is due to open in London. Never was it more necessary, but never were the circumstances of a great international meeting more inauspicious. For everywhere people are talking not so much of their financial and commercial problems—vital as these undoubtedly are—as of the possibility of a fresh conflict in Europe, which will make monetary problems of secondary importance.

That is the fundamental fact which we must face. For the moment it transcends all other considerations. The realization of the peril could not have come at a more inopportune time, and it was natural that politicians and political writers should have been tempted to ignore the situation lest its disclosure should put in jeopardy the London conversations. Yet events have been too strong for them. What has been said in private by European statesmen for many months has now forced its way into print. It is no longer merely on every political lip, but also on every newspaper slip. It has announced itself—grim, stark, hideous—in unmistakable type. There has been no mincing of words. The truth has gone forth from café and beer-hall into the public Press.

For my part, having listened so long to the pessimistic utterances of those who concern themselves with Continental affairs, and lately having listened to the alarmed discussions of European artisans and peasants who have gradually become aware of the conditions which for years were veiled from their sight, I am glad that the menace has come into the open. There the monster can be met and tackled fairly. Concealment can now do no good. Exposure is our chief hope.

The situation is worse than it was in 1914. That should be flatly stated. But it should be immediately added that there is a promising factor that was not present in 1914—namely, the interest of the peoples in their own fate.

Evils which come upon us silently are indeed to be dreaded. But evils which announce their advent can be dealt with. In 1914 everybody was indifferent — except an insignificant few who raised their voices in the wilderness of general apathy. The public was not stirred to a realization of the tragic possibilities. War advanced by stealth and found us bewildered.

SELF-PITY: The farmer looks up from his ploughshare and sees the massed forces of his heavily-armed neighbours. How the *Illustrierte Zeitung*, the leading German weekly, last week conjured up for its readers the picture of poor disarmed Germany and her present state of military weakness in relation to France and Poland

Now we have fair warning. We know what may happen if we do not take steps to prevent its happening. Surely it is incredible that reasonable human beings will permit themselves to be overwhelmed by a disaster of which they have complete foreknowledge.

I have wandered about Europe; I have listened to men of all classes and of all nations; I have attended innumerable conferences and have studied scores of plans and projects. There has been a period of welcome illusion. Men were glad to think that there was an improvement and that the ideals of peace were in prospect of being realized. Now all that has gone. From the West to the East, from the North to the South, men are asking one another whether and when war will break out.

The policy of the Nazis in Germany has brought the peril to a head. Consciousness of it is now widespread. Yet there were signs of the breakdown of the unceasing peace efforts at least a year ago, before Hitler came to power. I heard doleful speculations in all places where Continental politicians congregate. Some of the best-known Ministers, with a reputation for pacifism, confessed their fears when they were, so to speak, off duty.

Even the idea of a preventive war was expressed at one diplomatic dinner table when I was present—not, be it understood, as a practical proposition, but as a legal theory. "You see, if we take instant measures we can put Germany out of action before she begins, but if we wait for a few years Germany will be too strong."

The fatal flaw in this reasoning is, of course, that it urges voluntary war as a means of evading involuntary war, certain and immediate war as a substitute for relatively remote and hypothetical war. It is a policy of despair and simply throws overboard human machinery and—if one may so put it—providential intervention.

Gribouille, in George Sand's tale, plunged into the water to escape from the rain. To plunge into war in order to escape from war is just as absurd. Seventeen or eighteen years ago we were fighting a war to end war; we cannot now be asked to fight a war to prevent war.

Nor, indeed, is there anywhere, at least in Western Europe, the smallest desire for war. It is my business as an observer of the European scene to look for indications of popular or political intentions, and I affirm emphatically that, far from there being warlike intentions, there is a universal horror of war. The trouble is that, despite the general detestation of war, things are being said and done in pursuance of national policies which are bound to end in hostilities unless the brakes are vigorously applied.

There is a dismal and helpless sense of fatality. It would appear as though men believed their actions are determined by some outside power and that no human agency can alter the courses to which they are committed. There is no doctrine so pernicious as that of the inevitability of war. It is not inevitable but it will require all our skill and resolution to avert it.

Those of us who know the condition of Germany feel that we should still extend our sympathy to that country and help it to keep its sanity. The wild pronouncements of Hitler when he was out of office would have been overlooked. Every politician struggling for power exaggerates, and it is simply incredible that, now he is in a responsible position, he would deliberately set the whole world against Germany. The late Herr Stresemann, in his papers which caused far more commotion on the Continent than in Great Britain, remarked that Germany would never repeat the mistake of 1914 and range against itself the majority of countries. That diplomatic lesson has been well learned and is now one of the tenets of Wilhelmstrasse.

The explanation of Germany's conduct is that the Nazi chiefs are still prisoners of their own propaganda, and have yet to take hold of their own forces. There has been a suppression, and now there is an explosion.

The persecution of the Jews revealed in a dramatic manner the essential brutality that is the driving-wheel of all revolutions. Throughout France, as well as in England, there are meetings of protest and the bitterest condemnation for what Talleyrand would have described as worse than a crime—a blunder.

The alarming incidents in Danzig, which is a Polish port, a German town, and the protégé of the League of Nations, might easily have put a match to the powder-barrel. In the Polish Corridor, which cuts Germany in two, there have equally been unfortunate episodes. The French have been greatly disturbed by incursions of Nazi troops into the demilitarized Rhineland, and even by foolish exploits of Nazi bands in French territory.

People who live near the frontiers and who are rich enough to be masters of their own movements, have already made preparations for escaping from the danger zone. They realize that some fanatical act may precipitate hostilities, though nobody wants them.

The French have completely changed their attitude. The late M. Briand, though completely conciliatory, was nevertheless cautious. His disciples were less cautious, and were ready to go far beyond the expert and veteran statesman. Now there is a stiffening. The Government is vigilantly strengthening the national defences. It is prepared to take drastic measures. Hitler has lost more in France in a few weeks than his predecessors gained in as many years.

Particularly is the German threat to re-arm resented. Can it be true that all that is to come out of the Disarmament Conference is the re-arming of Germany? Is Germany to keep its efficient permanent army, which is really a corps of officers, and at the same time to adopt conscription on the same lines as France, and furthermore to introduce labour conscription which can be turned to military purposes, and again to militarize the Schupo, and to recruit great forces of Storm Troops, and to train the Steel Helmets and other irregular bodies? Is it openly to develop air fleets and to cast large-calibre artillery? If this happens, then unquestionably a new European war will be in preparation.

Let us, however, get one fact clear: Germany at the present time is not in a position to make war. If it is so ill-advised as to indulge in provocation, it will be defeated. Its responsible statesmen and generals are well aware of their relative weakness. In a serious German publication which I have just been reading, it is actually estimated that France and its allies could raise over 9,000,000 men. It follows that it would be sheer midsummer madness to dream of defying Europe now; and it is to be trusted that by arousing public opinion in time the craziness of a policy of extremism will be driven home to Germany's rulers.

Italy is prudent enough to disentangle itself from its compromising northern neighbour. It has need of peace. The work that Signor Mussolini has undertaken would be hopelessly compromised were there strife on the Continent. It does not wish to be involved. Germany could make no greater mistake than to imagine that because Mussolini has supported certain German claims, partly for political reasons, partly out of a genuine sense of justice, Italy is therefore burning to rush into Germany's quarrels. It is not. Its action has, on the contrary, been directed towards appeasement. If the result is otherwise, then Germany will quickly lose Italian friendship.

Nothing is more remarkable than the curious rivalry which now exists between France and Germany for the support of Russia. Russia has hitherto been regarded as a potential ally of Germany. But Russia, too, under the Soviet régime, is not foolhardy enough to espouse the German cause. France remembers that for many years Russia was a counterweight to Germany, and it is anxious to restore the old balance despite the existence of Poland. That is the meaning of the Pacts recently concluded between France and Russia, and between Russia and Poland. It is the meaning of the exchange of military attachés between Moscow and Paris. Of all the amazing phenomena of the post-War period the tentative beginnings of a new Franco-Russian alliance are the most unexpected.

I will not at this time dwell on the desperate entanglement of nationalities in the Balkans, and the acute apprehensions which have converted the waltz of the Danube into a St. Vitus' dance. Everywhere there is fear. There are ambitions and racial hatreds and economic distress and resolves to meet violence by violence. There is a patriotism that will stick at nothing. Everywhere in Central and Eastern Europe there are terrific factors of irresistible nationalism, and the situation is so tense that the question would seem to be not as to the possibility of a conflict, but as to the time and circumstances in which it may be successfully begun.

There is not one word of exaggeration in this picture. Everybody whose business it is to travel in Europe and to study European conditions knows it all and much more. Yet it has hitherto been considered better not to write it but instead to give comfortable reassurances.

We have hesitated to get down to root causes, but at the bottom of all the economic distress and financial incertitude is this uneasily-felt menace. Here is the thing that must be faced at last. If we stand up to it resolutely the war bogy can still be dispelled.

That is why we ought to welcome this war talk as a return to reality. Silence is no longer tenable. Everyone who demands peace must open his eyes to the possibilities of war, not to regard it as ineluctable, but as something that can be stopped. Not only for our own sake, but for the sake of our children and our children's children—for the sake of all we hold dear in our civilization—this impending peril must at all costs be conjured.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

ARRIVAL OF UNITED STATES AND FRENCH AMBASSADORS

THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR: His Excellency Monsieur Charles Corbin seen at the French Embassy in London after his arrival to take up his new duties

U.S. AMBASSADOR'S SUITE AT PRINCE'S GATE: Messrs. Compton, Misselbrook, and Prentice, seen after their arrival at the American Embassy

MR. ALFRED HERSLY, of Geneva, who is making preparations at the Geological Museum, for the reception of the World Economic Conference

MR. RONALD FRASER, M.B.E., and his wife, seen leaving St. Pancras en route for Buenos Aires. Mr. Fraser will sign a supplementary treaty to the trade pact already signed

IMPROVING THE ACOUSTICS OF THE GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM: Workmen engaged in putting up sails to increase audibility in the hall during the meetings of the World Economic Conference. The Conference begins on June 21 and will be attended by delegates from over sixty nations

TELEPHONE BOOTHS FOR ECONOMIC CONFERENCE DELEGATES: Workmen are doing overtime at the new Geological Museum where special telephone booths are being erected and linked with a cable room which connects with the whole world

LINKING THE WORLD WITH SOUTH KENSINGTON: A rear view of the main switchboard at the Geological Museum. Delegates from sixty nations will be able to speak by radio telephone with any part of the world

HOME FROM EVEREST: The Earl of Glasgow greeting the Marquis of Clydesdale at an air pageant at Renfrew Aerodrome after his return from the Himalayas where he twice flew over Everest

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT AT COLLEGE: The annual course for peers, M.P.s, and candidates is now being held at the Bonar Law College, Ashridge. *On left*—Sir Reginald Hoskins (principal), and Sir John Reith, who lectured on the B.B.C., are seen in the grounds of Ashridge House

PRINCESS JOHN DE MAHE, honorary secretary of the Hurlingham Ball which takes place on June 1 at the Hurlingham Club

OPENING A BRITISH LEGION FÊTE: Lady Charles Cavendish, formerly Miss Adele Astaire, with Lady Isobel Manners at a British Legion fête at Ashford Hall, Derbyshire. It was Lady Charles Cavendish's first public engagement since her marriage

A NOVEL VENTURE: The Earl of Darnley and his wife at the tea-house in Cobham Woods, Kent, which they have just opened. It is built in the form of a yacht and tea and supper dances are a feature of the entertainment

AT THE EMBASSY CLUB: Miss Anna May Wong, who is appearing here in cabaret for the first time

MRS. RONALD PENDRED, who was presented at the third Court by Lady Isidore Salmon

CARL HYSON'S GROSVENOR GAIETIES: Wendy Toye and Fred Franklin in the new Grosvenor House cabaret

The Continued Interest in Everest

A busy week has passed, both socially and internationally, but in spite of having to attend to France's security, interest in Everest has continued, for the progress of the Ruttledge land expedition has now reached a difficult and important stage. In the middle of last week there was some uncertainty as to the expedition's position, for an unauthorized (in the view of *The Daily Telegraph*) message to *The Daily Mail* stated that a party had made an attempt on the summit and had apparently been obliged to retreat. The position was not very clear, but for the moment it looked as if the last high attempts at least had begun. On Friday, however, a statement from the Everest land expedition committee stated that no message other than from the leader, Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, must be considered as reliable, and the day following a brief message from the leader was received, making it clear that things were proceeding according to plan. The message ended briefly, "Camp Five prospected yesterday." This came rapidly by wireless to Darjeeling and it was evident that the upper camps had, last week, not been established. It is from them that the final dash will have to be made. Their position is shown in the special Himalayan section in this issue. The *Daily Mail* evidently has someone on the watch at Kalimpong to catch early news of the expedition's final attempts, but as this position is not very far advanced on the first northward leg of the land journey to Everest, he will be lucky if he gets ahead of the wireless messages.

Crowds have visited the Everest flight pictures at Messrs. Ilford's in High Holborn. There the big enlargements make a great show and on this big scale the panoramic views especially gain materially. It is interesting to note that the two pictures which once were Everest (Nos. 22 and 31) no longer have that high fame. They are merely mountains in the great range. "The Climbers' Way" is given a place of honour in the black frame, but no definite name is now given to it. Photographically, it is one of the best pictures in the exhibition, the great clots of snow showing up with vivid realism. Some visitors showed that strange interest in accidental resemblances to faces which are to be found in every jagged range of rocks.

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LUNCH-HOUR LEISURE IN LONDON

TENNIS IN THE HEART OF THE CITY: A doubles match in progress during the lunch-hour on the open-air hard court at Bishopsgate, where city workers daily contrive to find a few minutes for their favourite summer game

ENTERTAINMENT FOR CITY WORKERS, and employment for out-of-work bandsmen. Through the generosity of Lord Wakefield these members of the British Legion City Band, many of whom would otherwise be probably without employment, are now performing every week in the Tower Moat on Tower Hill

THE CYGNETS MAKE THEIR BOW: A charming picture from Regent's Park, where the cygnets are now making their appearance on the lake. Mother swan is seen with one of her children shyly peeping out through her wings as she carries it across the water

THE CLAPHAM JUNCTION of DOPE

Paris: A World Forwarding Centre of the Westbound Drug Traffic

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Along with that of other world commodities, the price of heroin is falling. But not from under consumption or over production (whichever be your to-day's preference). If to-day wholesale traffickers may acquire 1 lb. of heroin at £17 10s.—such weight being the equivalent of 125,000 medicinal doses—the reason resides in an accrued competition to supply augmenting possibilities. Something of a price war has set in. Chinese and Japanese factories have entered the lists where until recently Europeans held a monopoly of production. The latter elected to keep the price high; it touched as much as £60 a lb. in boom times. But now our Oriental brothers have chimed in with cheap labour and inferior dope, and the way things are going one sees small reason why next year, the year after, the price should not have fallen to £7 10s. a lb. Heroin is the easiest thing to manufacture once you have your proper poppy. One Sofia factory, at Radomir, is currently turning out 1½ tons every two months, which equals 187,000,000 "shots" a month or a double dose a day for 3,000,000 addicts. There is small reason why, instead of having to submit to extortion to the tune of 10s. a gramme, as at present, addicts should not presently get their "shots" at a quarter the price. Implying also a popularizing of the drug.

I shall be told: "But hasn't Russell Pasha succeeded in persuading Kemal to close down the Turkish factories, and hasn't the Sofia Government undertaken to close the Bulgarian group that popped up to fill the place at Istanbul? And haven't half the nations at Geneva ratified the Drug Convention aimed at regulating production and distribution down to bone-dry, known, world medicinal drug requirements which are a bagatelle?"

One yields to none in admiration of the work of the Cairo Police Chief, whose *Suppression of the Drug Barons* should be issued in a cheap edition. This officer, no doubt, has done great work for his dope-soaked Egypt, but a greater work has been his thrusting into the open, these last years, of this whole question. Without him, most of us would still be more or less pussy-footing round in the dark, and certainly disposed to treat such as came near us on the subject as nothing more than tiresome reformers.

The point I would make is that it is precisely when International control first seeks to operate that the real battle will begin; that we shall enter the real bootlegging stage of dope as distinct from the semi-surface and winked-at condition of to-day.

Now let us consider the disordered 'Thirties. Consider the immense profits. Consider the ease of production. And of dissemination of heroin and of other drugs (though it will be chiefly heroin). Why, a dozen Japs were turning out 5 tons a month of heroin at Istanbul in a small, off-stage, camouflaged factory. As for carriers to destination, to put things sufficiently succinctly, you would have to stop seamen coming down their own gangways! Never was smuggled, illegal object more easily handled, or more precious to the ounce, than a packet of dope. Temptation entire, and the means, are there to defeat the Genevan end. *Unless*. Unless the nations take things seriously and honestly. The stern, ultimate truth being that in the absence of good faith and fit enforcement, dope quite easily *could* come one day to be placed "within the reach of all." ("But who are taking dope? Where's the appetite?" some may ask. The answer is that it is estimated that 60 or 70 tons have been marketed in the past few years, and that while an immense amount of this has gone East, and to the Americas, an immense amount has not.)

The particular angle I would detain you with here derives from this extract of Russell Pasha's thriller:—

"There are several countries still where what narcotic legislation there is refers merely to addiction or traffic inside that particular country and where the penalties are farcical since addiction or traffic has never been a national problem and therefore has not stirred the nation to demanding severe legislation."

Read for this: "There are several countries which allow any blessed thing to go through them provided it doesn't stop on and contaminate the natives."

A HIDE-OUT OF FRENCH DOPE TRAFFICKERS. A notorious thoroughfare near the docks at Marseilles. Houses in this vicinity have been many times raided, not always successfully

Such a land is the France we are all beginning to look more favourably upon for her recent quiet good showing. If I say that France is the crossways of European dope, and Paris its Clapham Junction, I say no more than Frenchmen do themselves. Here are two extracts from this morning's *Journal*, from a special correspondent sent to Marseilles:—

"Deux informations successives concernant l'affreux trafic des stupéfiants ont alerté l'opinion ces jours derniers. On avait découvert, coup sur coup, à bord du même navire français assurant le courrier du proche Orient, deux stocks d'opium importé clandestinement, le premier de 150, le second de 250 kilos. De quoi suffire à la charge de huit hommes solides."

And, in closing:—

"Prenons l'ensemble du trafic des stupéfiants, et choisissons un pays type, le plus inondé qui soit au monde par la drogue, parcequ'il est le mieux situé pour la recevoir. C'est aussi le mieux organisé pour la combattre" (then follow figures pertaining to the rise and fall of French addiction).

The most inundated country, which is also the best equipped to fight the traffic, receives its stocks through these main channels: Marseilles, Biarritz, Brussels, and Strasbourg with its adjacent Sarre. These four converging points of dope upon Paris are, also, correctly stated in the current number of *Détective*. The first two forward opium, heroin, and a modicum of hashish. The two last send in chiefly cocaine which is made in Germany and Switzerland. Biarritz sends very little, by the way.

All roads lead to Paris. Dope couriers are used, but never the same in the same direction. A courier goes down to Marseilles, makes his contact, and travels back to Paris with one or two valises. Not long ago the Dope Squad caught a lad with three valises of heroin, a million francs' worth, and there was a four-day drought or "disette" in consequence in certain parts of Paris, when men and girls went round feeling and looking like h——. But this belongs to the tale of how Paris fights her own dope problem, which I hope to tell another week.

Here we deal with Paris as world forwarding centre, holding and stocking the goods for shipment as ordered. The vast bulk of the consignments reaching Paris are so directed, a fraction satisfying the local market. The stocks are held in a species of rabbit-warren clearing house that takes the form of numbers and numbers of unoccupied furnished rooms in back streets. Here the stuff is kept in trunks awaiting esteemed orders. A very great deal of it leaves Havre, Cherbourg, and Bordeaux, being destined for the American and Far Eastern markets. Much lesser is the European demand. Yet the stuff is held in readiness all the same, and should a dope problem ever eventuate in London, those rabbit-warren stocks would be the main source of supply.

When this matter is discussed with Frenchmen, they have ready enough response. "You English, you are formidable! You complain about us storing a few trunks of coco, and you with your opium laws for Chinese and Indians!" It all depends on how you look at it. Some may see the width of Heaven between maintaining a sustenance-chewing which famished and lesser beings took to naturally—it may not be pretty, but there it is—and allowing, through laxity, inefficiency (?), disinterest, interest, call it what you will, allowing the wherewithal to accumulate for the white world to dope.

All too little of this accumulation is seized. Last year's bag was a paltry 112 lbs. of cocaine, 3,000 lbs. of opium, and 600 lbs. of heroin.

Yet the "Brigade des Stupéfiants" can be as sleuthy as any thriller-fan could wish in keeping check of addiction in France itself. Nevertheless, perhaps the most inundated country that is thusly the best protected might not go unwarned from this quarter: the real reason Kemal closed down his dope factories was no altruistic desire to accommodate others but because his good subjects, even the children, were fairly beginning to "sniff" also. Through propinquity. Having the stuff so near. Curiosity about it. Ready peddling. Further: when one, nationally, treats dope lightly, or takes gain from it, it is likely to burn you in the end.

The evil that Kemal did in sanctioning those factories lives on now that he has closed them. Secret factories are now operating on the Bosphorus. The other day eighty arrests were made in connection with the illicit manufacture of heroin to the tune of £2,000,000 worth a year, the stuff being partly for local consumption though the bulk passed o'er sea in 20 and 30-lb. packets. Here you have the beginning of that real bootlegging mentioned earlier, the commencement of the smothered battle of heroin that lies ahead; because addicts *must* have it, and even now they number ? ? ?

This is a very big subject. The Huxleyean threat of *Soma* that may lie ahead for the world — although Aldous's stuff was a soothing aphrodisiac, stilling and dreamy, whereas heroin is all that is nervy. There remains space to advance this view:—

We are never going to win this struggle unless we slash at the roots as distinct from playing about on the surface. And keep on slashing. And working honestly together. (For the rake-off that exists to all concerned even Capone never dreamt of. The rake-off not only to the traffickers.) The solution seems to be threefold. The establishment of an International, non-profit making drug factory to supply the world's medicinal need. Extremely severe and special sentences on an International plan—up to fifteen and twenty years in prison for purveyors, maybe. Real deterrent stuff. And above all, the outlawry of poppy fields in all save one or two eastern areas and their strict control there. No doubt in time synthetic stuff would appear. Time enough when it did. It hasn't yet, though not from want of trying.

SMUGGLING HASHISH INTO EGYPT: Police of the Sinai Camel Corps with a camel captured from dope traffickers. The smugglers had clipped holes in the animal's coat and hidden the drugs by gluing the packets into position and covering them with hair. The hair-covered slabs of hashish can be seen in the foreground

AMERICANA

A LANDSLIDE ON THE PACIFIC COAST: The sudden collapse of 200 ft. of cliff at San Clemente, California, resulted in thousands of tons of earth and rocks falling and obstructing a portion of the main line of the Santa Fé Railroad, and the dislocation of traffic between Los Angeles and San Diego. The palatial home of the mayor, built at the summit of the cliff at a cost of over £10,000, was seriously damaged by the landslide

PRE-PROHIBITION DAYS IN CALIFORNIA: Members of the Los Angeles Police Department pouring away gallons of alcohol captured during a city raid. Much of this liquor was so poisonous that cases of paralysis and blindness were frequent. With the partial repeal of prohibition its consumption is already decreasing rapidly

THE U.S. AMBASSADOR ARRIVES: Mr. Robert Worth Bingham, the new American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, seen with his wife on arrival at Plymouth in the liner *Washington*. Mr. Bingham is a prominent American newspaper owner

PAYING THE PENALTY IN PUBLIC: A scene more reminiscent of a Spanish auto da fé in the days of the Inquisition than of a civilized community was enacted in Las Vegas, Nevada, recently, when Ray Elmer Miller paid the penalty for shooting his wife at Reno last December. Miller died by gas poisoning while a crowd of curious sightseers gathered to witness his last moments through the windows of the lethal chamber of the Nevada State Prison

HISTORIC HURSTMONCEAUX: BATTLE ABBEY RESTORED

HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE RESTORED: This historic building on the Sussex coast is now being restored by Sir Paul Latham, M.P., the present owner, whose engagement was announced recently to Lady Patricia Moore. The moat, for a long period dry, has now been flooded, which adds greatly to the picturesque appearance of the castle. The story of Hurstmonceaux, once the home of the Hare family, is told in considerable detail in Vol. I of Augustus J. C. Hare's *Memorials of a Quiet Life*. The name is a combination of the Saxon word "hurst," meaning wood, and "Monceaux," the title of one of the castle's lords who came over with the Conqueror

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH "DISCOVERED" IN A DEVONSHIRE FARMYARD: The Rev. Rhys-James, rector of Nymet Tracey, Devonshire, in the ancient church which the Exeter Diocesan authorities are renovating in a farmyard at Broad Nymet.. *Right*—The statue of Prince Henry, part of the Lord Ronald Gower monument in the Shakespeare Memorial Gardens at Stratford-on-Avon, treated with contumely while awaiting re-erection in the Bancroft Gardens

A RIVER HOSTELRY: The Compleat Angler at Marlow which Lady Dawson of Penn and her son-in-law have converted into an up-to-date river hotel. On the left can be seen the new dining-room overlooking the weir

BATTLE ABBEY RE-OPENED TO-DAY: A dormitory in the historic Abbey which was almost gutted by fire two years ago. The Abbey has now been rebuilt and will receive the benediction of the Bishop of Chichester to-day (May 27). The old doorway seen in the picture was discovered as a result of the fire

THE CONTINUED ATTACK ON THE HIMALAYAS

One of the Great Sky-piercing Peaks which Still Resist Conquest

WITH ITS SNOW PLUME BLOWING LIKE EVEREST: The east peak of Nanda Devi pictured by the leader of the Everest land expedition, 1933

On this and the following pages we endeavour to set before our readers a general impression of the attack which has been made by mountaineers upon the great peaks of the Himalayan Range. Five peaks have been selected for assault on various occasions. Only one of these five has recently succumbed to man's attack. At the time of writing it was rumoured that the final efforts to conquer Everest on foot were being made and further news was awaited with the keenest interest. The five peaks dealt with in detail are arranged in two pairs with the fifth, Nanga Parbat, far away to the north-west. By courtesy of Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, the present leader of the Everest Land Expedition, we are able to give this beautiful impression of the east peak of Nanda Devi—a view taken from the east showing that the east peak stands on the Great Barrier wall, and also giving a vision of its icy plume, a distinction which it shares with Everest.

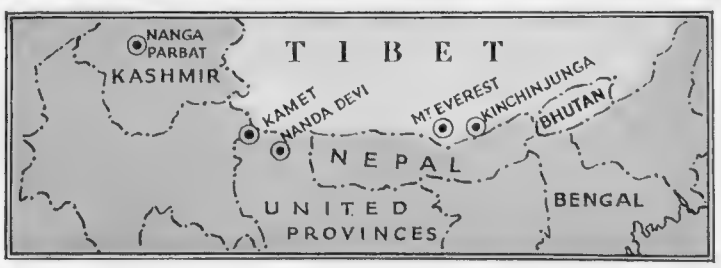

DIAGRAM showing relative positions of five great peaks of the Himalaya with isolated Nanga Parbat some 400 miles to the west of Kamet

THE SIEGE OF

By Lieut.-Colonel
(Professor of Geography
Superintendent,

Along the Whole Rampart there are Five Great Moun the Attention of the Lead during the Last Twelve have Set Problems of the each Trial of Strength Man Fresh Knowledge. The Besieged Through

Everest is guarded by glaciers which produce a special form of mountain sickness owing to reflexion

EVEREST

(29,002 ft.) (Unclimbed)

The Giant that has Defied the Climber, Conquered from the Air

Immediately after the War British mountaineers set about the conquest of Mount Everest. No one had ever been higher than 24,600 ft., or slept higher than 23,500 ft. No one had approached within fifty miles of Mount Everest. By the end of 1920 the political difficulties were surmounted, and the first expedition, a reconnaissance in force, set out early in 1921 under Colonel Howard Bury. The mountain was surveyed, a practicable route from the head of the East Rongbuk glacier to the North Col at 23,000 ft. was discovered, and a route along the North-East Ridge was examined from afar. On September 24 when the North Col was reached the season was far advanced and the party worn out, but the task set had been accomplished.

The following year, 1922, the first assault under General Bruce was made. Camps were pitched up the East Rongbuk glacier, Camp I at 17,800 ft., Camp II at 19,800 ft., and Camp III at 21,000 ft. under the shelter of the North Peak. The difficult ascent to the North Col was made practicable for porters, and Camp IV placed on the Col. On May 20 the assault began, first without oxygen, by Mallory, Somervell, Norton, and Morshead. Three reached an altitude of 26,985 ft., nearly 2,600 ft. higher than the previous altitude record. Finch and Geoffrey Bruce followed and, using oxygen, reached 27,235 ft. These parties returned to the East Rongbuk glacier, and the fittest—Mallory, Somervell, and Crawford—with fourteen porters, set out once more for the North Col on June 7. The attempt ended in tragedy, the whole party were swept away by an avalanche, and seven porters were killed. The rest were saved by an amazing display of skill.

A year of organization followed. The lessons of these two attempts were studied and in 1924 the third expedition set out, again under General Bruce. Bad luck dogged it from the first, and after establishing Camp III the whole party was driven back to the base by a blizzard lasting several days. After reorganizing, Camp IV was established on the North Col. Early in June an assault was made by Norton and Somervell without oxygen. Camp V was placed at 25,300 ft.; Camp VI at 26,800, and after incredible exertions an altitude of 28,126 was attained just below the final ridge. On June 8 a last assault was made by Mallory and Irvine, using oxygen; they were last seen on the ridge between 800 and 1,000 ft. from the summit. The movements of Odell about this time form together not the least valuable lessons of the three Mount Everest expeditions. Twice within four days he climbed from 23,000 to 26,800 ft.; slow to acclimatize, he acclimatized most completely in the end.

These are the barest facts; the details are crowded with heroic incidents and unselfish sacrifice. It had been proved by actual experience that man can reach within measurable distance the highest summits of the earth.

After a period of nine years a fourth expedition has started out. The leader, Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, has had much Himalayan experience, and he has spent many months studying the problem from every conceivable point of view. He knows the tremendous difficulties involved, but he cannot yet say whether those of weather and topography will be greater or less than in 1924; it is unlikely they will be the same.

Meanwhile a successful attempt has been made to fly over the summit. On April 4, the Houston-Westland and Westland-Wallace aeroplanes, crewed by Colonel L. V. S. Blacker, Lord Clydesdale, Flight Lieutenant D. F. McIntyre, and Mr. S. R. Bennett, left Purnea, Bihar, and after 1½ hours' flying and steady climbing circled round the summit of the world's most inaccessible peak. During the minutes that the 'planes were near their objective, some close-up impressions of the crest and the surrounding peaks were obtained.

A great mountain mass which has defied several recent expeditions

KANGCHENJUNGA

(28,140 ft.) (Unclimbed)

Brilliant and Tragic Attempts on the Third Highest Peak

Kangchenjunga is the third highest mountain of the world. The summit is 28,140 ft. above sea-level, that is, about the altitude reached by Norton, Somervell, Mallory, and Irvine on Mount Everest; and it is more accessible. Much more is known about it. In 1899 Mr. Douglas Freshfield and Professor Garwood made a tour round it; in 1905 a party made a vain attempt to climb the south-west cliffs, an attempt that ended in the death of M. Pache and three porters owing to a slip. In 1920, 1925, and 1926, further reconnaissances were carried out by various British mountaineers, which reduced the practicable lines of approach to the route of the Tista valley and the Zemu glacier, lying in the north-eastern quadrant of the massif. It looked as though the problem was becoming similar to that of Mount Everest.

Early in 1929 Kangchenjunga claimed a fifth victim when a foolhardy young American attempted to climb the south-west face; his fate is unknown. The same year saw a brilliant attempt by a Bavarian party under Paul Bauer. Intensive reconnaissances were carried out before a route was selected by which the girdling precipices could be conquered and the crest of the north-east spur reached. Great masses of ice had to be cut away and tunnels hacked through the ice pinnacles before Camp X at 23,030 ft. was attained. It had taken a month's hard work to climb 6,000 ft.! A new feature of this assault was that caves were dug in the ice at Camps VIII, IX, and X. By October 3 all was ready at Camp X for the assault; but that night came a fierce blizzard and intense cold. The storm lasted four days; and finally the attempt had to be abandoned. In three parties, isolated from each other, they fought their way down the spur under incredible difficulties. At one place three men on the rope were swept away by an avalanche but saved by the fourth; at another place the snow broke beneath the leading man and he was saved only by the second jumping over the other side of the ridge, while the rope between them bit into the crest. By a miracle, by casting away their loads, the party reached the glacier below. This brilliant attempt was thus brought to an end by the break up of the weather.

In 1930 took place the next assault, by an international expedition under the leadership of Professor Dyhrenfurth. At the last moment permission was obtained to traverse Eastern Nepal and the mistake was made of changing the plan of campaign at the last moment. A long and ill-organized line of communication upset the plans of the expedition, and the north-west face of Kangchenjunga was found to be impracticable. A great ice-avalanche, which by a miracle failed to obliterate the whole party, caused the attempt to be abandoned.

In 1931 Bauer returned with six of his previous team and four new men. The North-east Spur was again selected for the assault. On August 9 a serious accident occurred at the terrace by Camp VIII, resulting in the death of Herr Schaller and a porter; but the rest fought on till at 26,200 ft. they were brought to a halt by a dangerous avalanche of snow at the foot of the final step to the great North Arête. There are moments on a mountain-side when it is harder to retire beaten than to take desperate and foolish chances; this was such a moment. And the wise decision was made.

A snow-covered face of Nanga Par of the

NANGA

(26,620 ft.)

The Most Isolated and Impos

Nanga Parbat is perhaps the most isolated and most imposing of all the mountains of Asia. It rises from the left bank of the Indus not far from Chilas. Standing at about 10,000 ft. by Gor on the opposite side of the river, one can look down to the river 6,500 ft. below and up to the crest at 26,620 ft. and see over 23,000 ft. of rock and ice wall merely by moving the head slightly. It was in August, 1895, that the great Mummery made his ill-fated attempt. The difficulties of Himalayan mountaineering were perhaps not then fully appreciated, and the need for acclimatization certainly not realized. On August 19 Mummery and a Gurkha attained a height of 21,000 ft., just below the great ice-field of the western face. Five days later, with another Gurkha, they ascended the Diama glacier to cross to the northern face and were never seen again. Since August 24, 1895, no further attempt was made to capture this mountain till last year, when Herr Merkl brought out a strong party of Germans and Americans. Instead of approaching the mountain by the long detour by the Rupal valley and the Mazeno pass and thus making a circuit from the east by south to west, Merkl's party cut directly over the north-eastern spurs to the Rakiot glacier, which drains the steep northern face of the mountain and which is continually swept by avalanches. Camp I was placed at 15,000 ft. after considerable difficulty and danger from avalanches, Camp II at 16,500 ft. on June 28, Camp III at 18,040 ft. on July 4, and Camp IV at 19,030 ft. on July 8. By this time the party was much reduced, as the porters had become demoralized by the dangers of the avalanches. Mostly local men or from Baltistan, they had served no apprenticeship on Everest or

THE HIMALAYA

KENNETH MASON
at Oxford and late Indian Survey)

of the Great Himalaya
tains which have Claimed
ing Climbers of the World
Years. These Mountains
Gravest Difficulty ; with
Grows Wiser and Gains
Himalaya To-day is being
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bat which rises from the left bank Indus

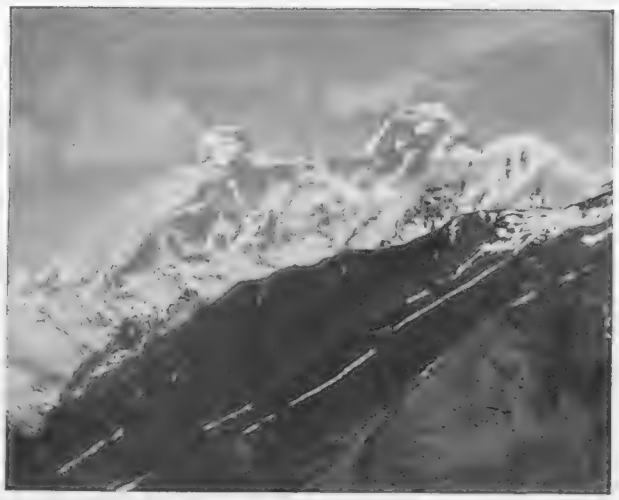
PARBAT

(Unclimbed)

ing of the Mountains of Asia

Kangchenjunga. The loads had mostly to be carried by the climbers themselves in relays. The expedient of doing without tents and cutting ice-caves, used with such success by Bauer on Kangchenjunga, proved unsatisfactory owing to the softness of the ice. Two porters attained Camp VI at 21,650 ft. but could go no farther. Camp VII was established high up on the west ridge of Rakiot Peak by the climbers themselves and this summit at 23,170 ft., situated on the great north-east ridge of Nanga Parbat, was reached by Aschenbrenner and Kunigk on July 16. Three days later the weather broke and gradually the party was driven down. One storm lasted from August 2 to 15, and Camps VII, VI, and V were buried. A last forlorn attempt was made on August 28, but failed early. This expedition should rightly be considered as a reconnaissance in force. From the experience gained it seems certain that the summit must be attained before the end of July or not at all. Porters must be trained on less dangerous ground before they are called upon to face the higher altitudes. As a reconnaissance the results should be valuable, for once more it appears that a giant Himalayan summit is only attainable from the north-east, the side most protected from prevailing storms.

Few, if any, Himalayan mountaineers expected Nanga Parbat to fall to the first assault under modern conditions, however determined the leader might be. The great summits of the Himalaya are not taken by surprise assault. The route and the defences must be reconnoitred, and this reconnaissance takes time. It is this slow but sure method of approach that inspires confidence in the native porters, on whom ultimately success depends. Infinite patience with their fears and prejudices is essential.



The twin peaks of Nanda Devi showing the larger peak on the right

NANDA DEVI

(25,645 ft.) (Unclimbed)

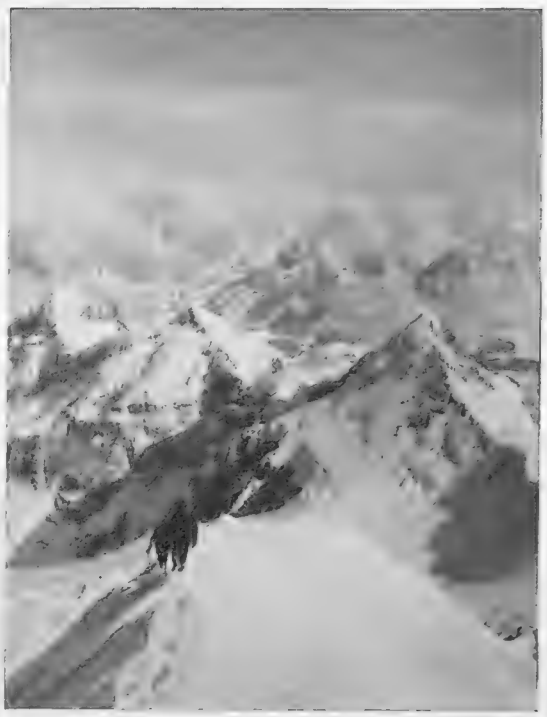
The Goddess of the Himalaya Surrounded by a 20,000 ft. Wall

Mount Everest and Kangchenjunga stand towards the eastern flank of the Himalaya; Nanga Parbat is on the extreme western flank. Nanda Devi and Kamet are the two highest summits in the centre. The first is at the southern edge of the Great Himalayan zone, and receives the full fury of the winter cyclones and summer monsoon storms; Kamet, lower by 200 ft., stands back near the plateau of Tibet.

The siege of Nanda Devi, 25,645 ft., is still in the reconnaissance stage. The mountain herself—she is a goddess—is surrounded by an almost impenetrable wall, seventy miles in circumference, at an average height of 20,000 ft. There is no known depression in this bastioned wall below 17,000 ft. except where the wild Rishiganga carves a way through a gorge to the west, and here there is a second line of defence with an inner wall facing westward. There are sixteen measured peaks over 20,000 ft. on the outer wall, and one only, Trisul, 23,406 ft., has been climbed; this was by Dr. Longstaff in 1907. Nine separate attempts have been made to reach Nanda Devi; the outer wall has been crossed only once, and reached but not crossed three times. In 1905, Longstaff placed a light camp at 19,000 ft. on the south-east ridge of the eastern peak of Nanda Devi; two years later, with General Bruce, he forced the outer ring from the north, but was held up by the inner line of defence. Further attempts to force the outer wall from the south were unsuccessful. Post-war efforts have been confined to reconnaissances. General Wilson, Dr. Somervell, and Mr. Ruttledge attempted to force the wall from the north-east in 1926; Dr. Longstaff and Mr. Ruttledge reached the crest of the wall from the south the following year. Finally last year, 1932, Mr. Ruttledge made a further reconnaissance of the wall from the south-east. Bad weather intervened and the problem remains unsolved.

The northern, southern, and south-eastern buttresses and the crest of the wall between these buttresses have now been fairly completely reconnoitred. Two very strong parties have attempted to force the inner defences by penetrating the Rishiganga gorge. Perhaps with more time available and with more detailed preparations the key to success may eventually be found over the tremendous cliffs that guard the inner sanctuary. There remains the north-eastern sector of the outer wall. This has been visited once but has not yet been explored in detail. Mr. Ruttledge is inclined to favour a closer examination of this sector. It is possible that a route may be found here by which a successful assault, based on Milam, can be made. It is on the north-eastern flanks of Mount Everest, Kangchenjunga, and Nanga Parbat that the main defences have been pierced. It was from the north-east that the successful assault on Kamet was made. The north-eastern is the side of Nanda Devi about which least is known, and it is the sector most protected from storms.

With Everest the particular difficulty is the supreme altitude, and the "set" of the rocks on the north face below the summit crest; with Kangchenjunga it is the accumulation of ice-bosses along the north-east spur; with Nanga Parbat it is the danger from avalanches on the western face of the north-east or Rakiot Ridge; with Nanda Devi it is the approach to a starting point. What the difficulties will be beyond the outer ring we can only guess at. On the north of Mount Everest, climbing is mainly on rock, the slabs being set like the tiles of a roof and sloping outwards—platforms must be built up on which tents can be pitched; on Kangchenjunga it is possible to save porterage by digging, with immense labour, caves in the ice; on Nanga Parbat we are told that the ice is too soft and that caves collapse. We do not know by what method Nanda Devi will be conquered, nor by what route; but we believe that there will come a day of reckoning when Nanda Devi will lie beneath the foot of man.



On the ridge leading to the summit, showing Mana Peak on the right

KAMET

(25,447) (Climbed)

Two Successful Ascents of the Lowest of the Five Fortresses

Kamet, the first of our five fortresses to fall, is the lowest, and she was not captured without a struggle. The reconnaissances of Kamet date back as long as 1848 when Richard Strachey first determined its altitude. Since then there have been no fewer than nine expeditions to Kamet, omitting the early reconnaissances of the Schlagintweits and officers of the Survey of India. Of these, five were serious attempts to capture the summit, and of these five the last was alone successful. In 1907 General Bruce, Mr. Mumm, and Dr. Longstaff carried out reconnaissances from both the west and east sides. Slingsby in 1911 reached a height of 23,000 ft. to the north-east of Kamet. Mr. C. F. Meade made three attempts on it. In 1910 he carried out a preliminary reconnaissance; in 1912, during May and June, he attacked it from the west and reached an altitude of 23,000 ft. on Eastern Ibi Gamin, the northern peak of the group; in July he thoroughly explored the Raikana glacier system on the east of Kamet; and in June the following year, he again attacked it from the east and, despite bad weather, he reached and camped at the saddle, 23,500 ft. in altitude, which lay between Kamet and Eastern Ibi Gamin. Meade's Col is to Kamet what the North Col is to Everest; it is slightly higher than the North Col, but the approach is somewhat easier. In both cases it is practicable only from the east, and from it a long arête stretches up towards the summit. But the summit of Kamet is at 25,447 ft. only slightly higher than the first camp (V) above the North Col of Everest. Meade recorded that from his camp at 23,500 ft. an easy snow ridge appeared to lead to the summit, but he was prevented from going on by soft snow and the combined effects of sun and altitude.

In 1911 Dr. Kellas also made a preliminary reconnaissance, and in September, 1920, accompanied by Colonel Morshead, he attacked the mountain by Meade's route. They also reached Meade's Col, but inadequate preparations and the excessive cold of the late season brought the attempt to an end. Experiments were carried out with oxygen, which were to be of great value in the next year on Mount Everest.

The lessons of these earlier reconnaissances and attempts were turned to full account by Mr. F. S. Smythe and his party in June, 1931. After months of organization a strong body of climbers under his leadership followed Meade's route and established Camp V just below the Col, with a regular line of communication to the glacier below. From here at 23,000 ft. the summit was conquered on June 21 by Smythe, Shipton, Holdsworth, and the porter Lewa; while a second party comprising Captain Birnie, Dr. Greene, and the porter Kesar Singh made a second ascent to the summit two days later.

And they say that the world is discovered, that nothing more remains to be done; that man is master of his environment! These five great citadels are but five of fifty-five summits above 25,000 ft. whose heights have been determined; there are sixty-two more peaks whose summits above 24,000 ft. have been measured; there are hundreds of square miles above 20,000 ft. that have not been trodden. Several times aeroplanes have now crossed the Western Himalaya, and now Everest has been topped. But until the pilots can land on the summits and take off again, man on his flat feet will not be master of the Himalaya.

THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST SEEN FROM 26,985 FT.: The slopes up which the Ruttledge Expedition will make their final attack on the peak. Mr. Meade points out that although the climbing here is not difficult for experts, it requires great care as the strata of the rocks, overlapping like the slates on a steeply sloping roof, might easily cause a slip that would probably be fatal to the whole party

STAGES of the EVEREST LAND EXPEDITION

By C. F. MEADE

(The Distinguished Himalayan Climber)

During April the Ruttledge land expedition travelled up the broad highway of ice, sixteen miles long, leading to the foot of Everest, where the last camp with any pretentions to comfort was pitched at 21,000 ft. It is above this camp that the most serious difficulties begin. In 1922, on the slopes higher up leading to the North Col, seventeen men were swept away by an avalanche and seven of them were killed. It became evident that, in dealing with mountains on the enormous scale of the Himalaya, and exposed to an almost tropical sun, it is necessary after bad weather to allow a much longer time for the restoration of safe snow conditions than is usual in the Alps.

When fine weather prevails, the required snow conditions can be counted on and there is no danger from avalanches, but the explorers have had to face a most difficult task in facilitating this next stage above the base camp in order to make the ice-cliffs practicable for heavily-laden porters. At one point the loads have all to be removed and hauled on a rope up an ice chimney 200 ft. high, and in all 700 ft. of fixed rope has to be left in various places for the assistance of convoys ascending or descending.

The next camp above the base camp is that on the North Col at nearly 23,000 ft. As it is now believed that acclimatization is effective at least as high as this, this camp is probably serving as a second or upper base camp and receiving inhabitants in relays for several days at a time.

Above 23,000 ft., how ever, the region of uncertainty begins, for it is not known to what extent acclimatization above this limit is possible. Much depends on the successful organization of the remaining high camps. There are two being established at about 25,000 and 27,000 ft., quite sufficiently far apart when it is realized that eight hours for the journey from 25,000 to 27,000 ft. is quite good going.

Now it is imperative to make these camps as comfortable as possible, because getting up, going to bed, cooking and eating are all exhausting tasks in high altitude camps, and everything should be arranged in them to make life less trying for the climbing party. Each of these camps should be able to accommodate at least two pairs of climbers, and this is most important, especially in the highest camp, for it enables a second party to support the attacking pair, cooking for them in camp, waiting on them, watching for them while they are engaged on the mountain, and going out to meet them with restoratives on their return. If such camps are successfully established half the battle will be won.

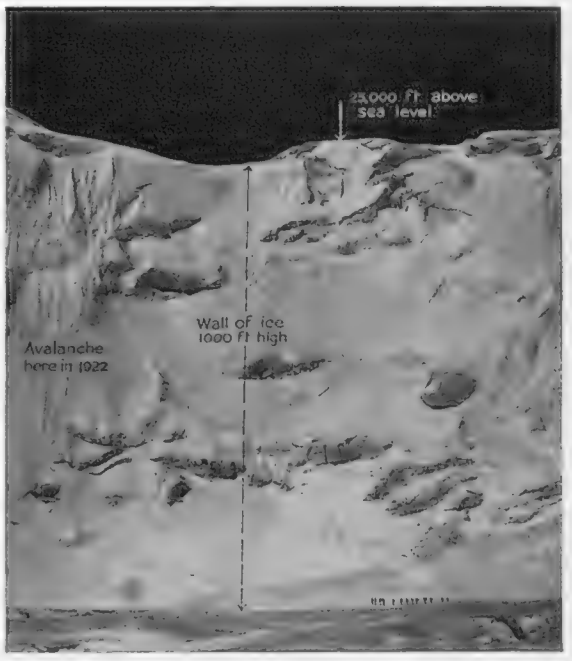
Of the remaining 2,000 ft. above the highest camp, half has already been accomplished in 1924, first by Norton and Somervell, and secondly by Mallory and Irvine during their fatal attempt when they were last seen alive at 28,000 ft.

Above this point is virgin ground. As far as could be discovered by the only two that returned alive the mountain seems to be nowhere difficult. Yet, although not difficult to experts, the climbing requires great care as the strata of the rocks overlap like the slates on a steeply sloping roof and are probably usually covered with loose snow. An unforeseen slip of one man might be fatal to the whole party. It is necessary in such places to make strenuous efforts to combat the tendency to inattention and indifference that is a common symptom of mountain sickness.

The time-table presents another problem for the last day's ascent. If the highest camp is pitched at 27,200 ft. as it now seems possible, the last 1,800 ft. can hardly take less than nine hours, and unfortunately the appalling cold in the early hours makes any start before half-past five in the morning out of the question. Consequently a great danger to be guarded against is that of being benighted. This is one of the reasons why it is so desirable that the summit party should have climbers at the highest camp to act as supports and to meet the conquerors on their return if necessary.

With regard to the question of oxygen, there is not enough evidence to justify a conclusion. It seems likely that oxygen is only useful where acclimatization to altitude has not taken place, and the height limit at which acclimatization ceases has not yet been ascertained. The weight of even the lightest form of oxygen apparatus causes an almost prohibitive aggravation of the transport problem. Even without the extra weight of the oxygen outfits it is an excessively difficult feat to carry all the requirements for the higher camps up to 25,000 and 27,000 ft. Probably if this expedition uses oxygen at all, it will adopt the compromise suggested by Colonel Norton, the leader in 1924, and carry a few cylinders up to the highest camp for the use of the summit party above 27,000 ft.

In any case, provided the weather is better than in 1924 and the high camps are adequately equipped, with or without oxygen, there is a considerable chance that the summit of Mount Everest is now about to be conquered for the first time.



THE GREAT ICE WALL OF CHANGLA: On May 13 members of the Ruttledge party were beyond Camp 3 and attempting to establish Camp 4 on the North Col at the summit of the Changla wall. This point is 23,000 ft. above sea-level and may be regarded as the last camp where acclimatization to the rarefied atmosphere can be expected to be generally effective. Mr. Ruttledge reports that the formation of the ice wall has changed considerably since 1924

By courtesy of "Times of India"

THE ROUTE TO THE PEAK: A diagram showing the course now being followed by the Ruttledge Expedition. The gradual ascent up the East Rongbuk Glacier is completed with little difficulty by experienced climbers, the first serious obstacle being between Camps 3 and 4 where the expedition has had to face the 1,000 ft. ice wall of Changla. From Camp 4 the route lies up the shoulder to the North Ridge to Camp 6, the last established on the 1924 attempt on the peak

THE FINAL ASSAULT: A telephoto view of Everest from the base camp of the 1924 expedition showing the position of Camp 6 at 26,700 ft. and the spot where Mallory and Irvine were last seen by Odell making their way, never to return, over the shoulder of the ridge. As we go to press news of the final attempt of the Ruttledge Expedition is imminent, advance parties being now well on their way to establishing the final camp

THE BUDDHIST ROCK CARVINGS OF SHANSI

A RELIC OF THE NORTH CHI DYNASTY: This rock carving from the temple at Tungtzussu is all that remains of a giant piece of sculpture, 170 ft. high, which 1,400 years ago was carved into the mountain side, but which the processes of erosion have now completely obliterated

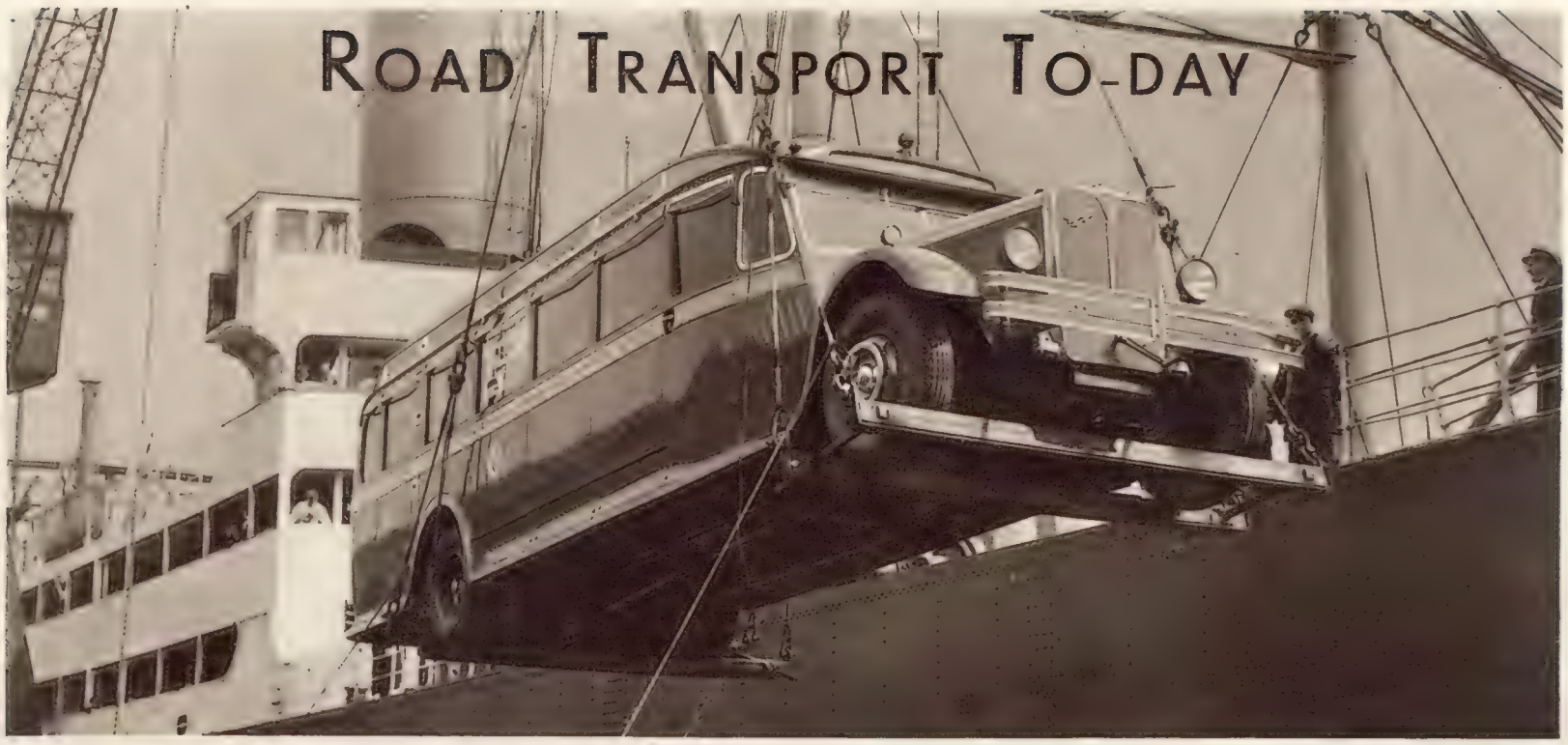
THE CARVED IMAGES AT YUNGKANG: These lovely rock carvings, relics of Buddhist art and devotion of over 1,400 years ago, still possess much of their original beauty and some of their detail is even to-day unimpaired. This carving represents the Buddha surrounded by nuns

THE ROCKY PALACE AT YUNGKANG: Where Buddhist art reached the height of its perfection

When, probably after repeated efforts, Buddhism first gained a lasting hold upon China and her people, and the reign of the Emperor Ming Ti ushered in a new religious era, there arose a wave of devotion in the country which during the years following resulted in the development of a sculptural craftsmanship which has left its mark for all time on the holy places of the nation. The pictures illustrated on this page were made in the Province of Shansi, and give some idea of the finely executed rock carvings which were sculptured in many parts of China some 1,400 years ago. The remarkable palace illustrated above was carved from the hills of sandy rock around Yungkang where the undulating slopes are dotted with thousands of caverns in which the sculptors of their time carved tributes to their deity. Although sadly neglected, and unprotected from the eroding influences of wind and weather, much of the gorgeous detail of these carvings still remains. In the picture of the Buddha shown on this page it will be noticed that one of the nuns surrounding the central figure carries a water jar of Indian pattern—a reminder of the eastward course of Buddhism which contrary to the way of things was introduced into China from India and where the classic traditions of Greco-Buddhist art were preserved in all their beauty.

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING.
BY APPOINTMENT
RUBBER TYRE
MAKERS TO H.R.H. THE
PRINCE OF WALES
DUNLOP
DUNLOP MAGNA
MADE IN ENGLAND
C.F.H.
Malcolm Campbell
DUNLOP
TRIUMPHANT

ROAD TRANSPORT TO-DAY



MOTOR COACHES FOR CANADA: One of the three great road coaches, constructed by the Associated Equipment Company at Southall, Middlesex, being shipped aboard the S.S. *Beaverdale* at Surrey Commercial Docks en route for Canada. These motor coaches, with a seating capacity for over thirty people, are the first to be sent to the Dominion since the removal of the Canadian tariff on passenger vehicle chassis

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL INSPECTS A POLICE MOTOR SQUAD: The famous motorist at Reigate passes a critical eye over the high-powered cars of the local squad during a parade for his inspection

THE PNEUMATIC MILKMAN ARRIVES IN LONDON: The usual clatter associated with the daily arrival of the milkman is, it seems, to be superseded by noiseless delivery. This up-to-date cart is fitted with pneumatic tyres and is able to turn within its own length

EVOLUTION OF THE MOTOR COACH: A new type of motor coach has now made its appearance in London equipped at the rear with an observation section above the ordinary seats. This innovation will be particularly useful during the summer months as it will provide visitors on sightseeing tours with a better view of city or countryside

REPAIR WORK on Putney Bridge, the scene of many unavoidable hold-ups during recent weeks, is now nearing completion, and cross river traffic will soon be back to normal again. Only the centre of the roadway has now to be completed

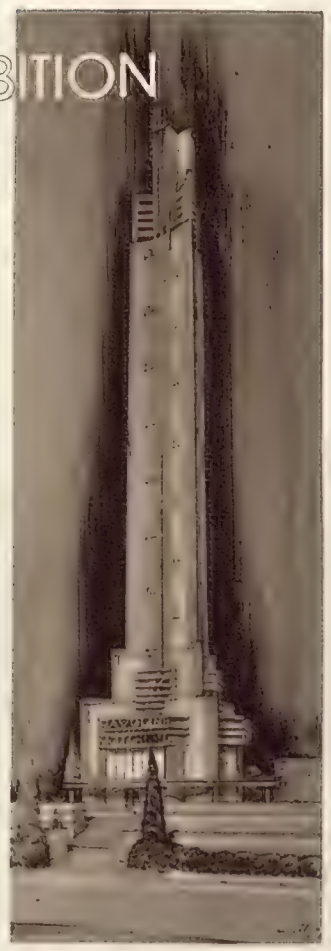
CHICAGO'S CENTENARY EXHIBITION

HALL OF SCIENCE

One of the many modernistic treatments employed in the construction of the World's Fair buildings

LOOKING AHEAD

The bold outlines of the Hall of Science seen from another angle



A 200-ft. THERMOMETER which will record Chicago's temperature in the grounds of the Exhibition

THE AGE OF ELECTRICITY

A relief adorning the stairway to the upper terrace of the electrical building

THE LIGHTS OF CHICAGO

An impression of the World's Fair in progress with Lake Michigan in the foreground

SEEING THE FAIR IN COMFORT: The blue and silver semi-trailer type buses in which visitors to the World's Fair will be taken round the grounds. Seating is so arranged that each of the ninety passengers may obtain an unobstructed view. The bus in this picture is seen outside the great courtyard of the Hall of Science

Ten years of planning and preparation will culminate on June 1 in the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago. This giant exhibition, to which visitors from all parts of the world are flocking, commemorates a century of industrial, scientific, and cultural progress in America's second largest city. On one side of the fair grounds, for a distance of nearly three miles, is the shore line of Lake Michigan, and on the other the giant skyscrapers of Chicago itself. This lovely site, reclaimed from the lake, is perhaps the most perfect that could have been chosen for the Exhibition. Here the visitor will be able to witness the world's advance in the past hundred years in every form of art and science. The advance, too, of the City of Chicago, which, mushroomlike, so quickly grew from the undeveloped lands of the Middle West, made fortunes for many, and ultimately became the centre of the grain trade of the world. By day the grounds will be a scene of colourful splendour with crowds of people moving against a background of buildings, the result of flights of modern architectural fancy; and by night, lit by a million lamps, many thousands more, their day's work done, will flock to enjoy the marvels of what must be one of the most elaborate exhibitions the world has ever known. Instead of following the pattern of many former fairs, and reproducing the architectural forms of the past, the architects have sought to obtain a general effect of twentieth-century modernity. Each building is a building of the future providing an appropriate setting for modern, mechanical and scientific wonders, the fuller application of which is still a thing of the days to come. There are buildings devoted to transport, electricity, home and industrial arts, agriculture, mechanics, etc., and in each the latest developments will be demonstrated. Although primarily reflecting the progress of Chicago, it is truly a World's Fair, for every nation in the forefront of progress has contributed something.

DERBY PROBABLES of 1933

MR. W. M. G. SINGER'S MYOSOTIS: This colt by Phalaris—Scarlet Martagon came prominently into the betting this week after winning the Derby Trial Stakes at Lingfield last Saturday from Thrapston and Gino. Trained by J. Lawson at Manton

THE FRENCH CHALLENGER: Rodosto by Epinard—Ramondie, winner of the 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket, and the Poule d'Essai des Poulains at Longchamp. Owner, Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge

THE WINTER FAVOURITE: Lord Woolavington's Manitoba by Manna—Berystede. Winner of the Coventry Stakes at Ascot as a two-year-old

HYPERION: *Left*—Lord Derby's colt by Gainsborough—Selene (T. Weston up). Winner of the valuable Chester Vase. Trained by Lambton at Newmarket. *Above*—Sir Alfred Butt's Young Lover by Son-in-Law—Tryst

A LIKELY OUTSIDER: Mr. Victor Emanuel's Statesman by Blandford—Dail. *Left*—Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's King Salmon by Salmon-Trout—Malva. Second to Rodosto in the 2,000 Guineas, and fourth in a field of thirty in the Free Handicap at Newmarket. As a two-year-old won the 5-furlong Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes (valued at £2,665) and third in the July Stakes at Newmarket. Trained by O. Bell

MASTER of a MILLION NOTES

Sir Thomas Beecham, the Wizard of Covent Garden

By CHARLES GRAVES

No one who has ever been to the opera can fail to be astonished at the amazing endurance of the conductor. Thanks to the vile economy of the authorities (I am quoting a famous authority), it is necessary for the orchestra and the conductor to rehearse almost all day and play all night. Take *Tristan* recently.

Sir Thomas Beecham was conducting steadily from 7 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. with only two breaks of 25 min. During that period he was swinging harder than any golfer, and as incessantly as an athlete with Indian clubs. He was bending from the knees and thighs like a trapeze artist. Half the time he was virtually dancing on his toes like a rhumba expert, and jerking his neck like a professional footballer heading innumerable balls into the opposing goal mouth.

During the morning for three hours, moreover, he has been doing the same with the *Damnation de Faust*, which he was rehearsing. "And more damnation than Faust," he said as he walked perkily away from Covent Garden. "But how do you do it?" I asked. "Do you train for it? How do you keep fit? What about the rest of the day? And what about your tail coat? Do you have extra freedom under the shoulders? Is the music an anæsthetic? Or a stimulant which enables you to regenerate yourself? And how on earth do you remember several million consecutive notes? Is the score photographed on your mind?"

Sir Thomas took my arm, leaned on it (he doesn't reach my shoulder) and said "Come and see me to-morrow. I'll tell you all about it." In the meantime I spoke to his secretary. "I don't like to speak for Sir Thomas," he said, "but I suppose he would probably be cynical enough to say that music is an anæsthetic. I have read somewhere that he once told a reporter that he took up conducting as the next best thing to Rugby football.

This, though, I can tell you. He has a certain amount of massage during the Opera Season, and he takes a six weeks' holiday when it is over. As far as I know, though, he does not take any special exercise or any special diet to keep fit. He lives very temperately and needs very little sleep. As for his tail coats, they seem like any other. I've no idea whether they have more play than yours or mine."

Tommy Beecham has a great sense of humour. It only fails to function when you ask him about the night in New York when he was conducting the symphony orchestra and his braces broke. What he did was to hold up his trousers with one hand and go on conducting without a flicker with the other.

There are many stories about his energy. On one occasion he called a taxi in Pall Mall after an arduous rehearsal and before an even more arduous performance at night. Throwing his fur coat into the back seat he said to the astonished driver, "Follow me." And follow him he did for a whole hour as Tommy walked all over London wrapped in thought. Last year as the curtain went up for the last act of *Götterdämmerung* he got a great ovation from the sporting English audience which knew that he had achieved the equivalent of a long-distance race in surviving the previous four hours. Tommy bowed in evident pleasure. The orchestra started in and there came the oft repeated motif of the trumpet. But the poor trumpeter's note broke hideously and the audience rippled with laughter. Tommy went on, quite unmoved. The trumpeter looked at his fingers like a cricketer who had missed a dolly catch in a Test match. A few moments later he had to repeat the motif. Tommy turned with a smile to him and the trumpeter managed to do it right, though, poor fellow, he remained as red as a beet. After the performance someone asked whether he had cursed him for it. "My dear fellow," was Beecham's reply, "he was the first person I spoke to. He is one of the best musicians in England. Thanks to the barbarous conditions in which opera is produced in this country we had been rehearsing all day and he simply had no lips left at all."

SIR THOMAS ARRIVES: The famous conductor at a fashionable St. Margaret's wedding, where he led the orchestra during the ceremony

A MEETING OF THE GIANTS: Sir Thomas Beecham and M. Chaliapin going over the opera score of *Prince Igor* at the Lyceum Theatre

Sir Thomas will sometimes tell of the two biggest puzzles he ever had while conducting. And one must remember, in telling of the ardours and endurances of conducting, that the mental strain must frequently be as great as the physical strain. The first occurred when he was conducting a concerto for orchestra and piano and suddenly realized that the pianist had started twenty-eight bars too soon. What was he to do? The pianist went on blithely. It was impossible to catch him up. Fortunately Beecham is a musical gambler. He looked ahead and decided that he would shoot the orchestra up to H (orchestral scores have initial rallying points for rehearsal or in case of trouble) and make that the rallying point. He hissed "H." The orchestra and pianist duly got together and all went well. Next day one of the critics said that it would have been an excellent performance but for Sir Thomas's extraordinary sneeze at an important moment.

The other time when Tommy was puzzled was the result of an Italian baritone spending a night on the tiles. He lay down on the sofa in the second act of Tosca to listen to Tosca's song about virtue and soon went to sleep, as the audience would no doubt have liked to do, too. Finally he woke up, startled by the silence, and thought he was still in the first act. So he sang the Cathedral music loudly. Beecham was really puzzled at first. Then he beckoned to the baritone, and when he got close enough quieted the orchestra, and said coldly but clearly, "You damned fool, you are in the second act." This was heard by the baritone, who hastened to correct the mistake. But it was also heard by everyone in the front row of the stalls.

The layman's idea of the conductor is that he is quite unimportant. This is probably due to the cynical and complete disregard for the leader of the average dance orchestra as evinced by his "boys." They never pay any attention to him. In point of fact it is absurd to suppose that a big orchestra can get along without him, even though every man Jack of them knows his own particular contribution backwards. Everyone would get lost in no time. The reliability of the beat is a one-man job and is all-important.

This year there are two other conductors besides Sir Thomas Beecham at Covent Garden—Votto the Italian and Heger the German. Votto, so far, has only conducted Tosca, and his English is as bad as my Italian, which is almost non-existent. Heger, however, who is Bruno Walter's safe second-man, was very interesting. "Of course," he said, "it is a great physical strain, and every summer I go to the Dolomites and do some mountaineering. Hanging on to a tiny ridge by one's finger tips is excellent exercise for making a soprano do the same thing to a high C. It is great stuff for one's arms, hands, and chest. Which is the most exhausting opera? The *Rheingold* with its two-and-a-half hours without a break comes first. Then comes the first act of *Götterdämmerung* with its two hours without a break. And then, of course, you have the third act of the *Meistersingers* with its series of big climaxes at the end, when you are already tired out after five hours' hard work.

"I find it necessary to stand up all the time to get proper control of the orchestra here in London. In Vienna it is not necessary because the orchestra is seated higher up. Is there any eye-wash for the public in my baton waving? Truly, there is none. Every movement has a definite meaning for the orchestra. Why, in Munich the orchestra and myself are concealed from view, and yet my conducting is exactly the same. My tail coat? Oh yes, it has to be very specially roomy in the arms and sleeves and yet has to look perfectly fitting from behind, and so it has to be made in London. Nowhere else could I find a tailor to make it properly."

On the whole, it is safe to say that this year Heger gets more plaudits than Sir Thomas Beecham, whose defect is that he is perhaps too spectacular and electrical. He is so taken up with his orchestra, in fact, that he dislikes his singers having to breathe. Violins do not have to do so. German singers, being large people, have to breathe deeply. Once he was asked by a critic why he went on and left the German singers behind so often. "No one told me that they could not breathe properly," he complained. [He might have said, "No one told me that they *had* to breathe."] He continued, "I know what Wagner intends, and I must keep to the time table even if the singers don't."

In conclusion, let me tell of his fantastic knowledge of his subject. An insolent young man said to him, "I do not like your conducting in the *Meistersingers*. Had you studied it thoroughly?" Tommy turned to him and said, "There are only two people in the world who can conduct it and I am one of them. Look." He went over to his desk and produced the orchestral score of the first act of the *Meistersingers*. The young man did so. And every single bar of the exhausting score bore a blue pencil mark showing that he studied the meaning and time, volume and construction of every single bar and, what is more, made his own comment on it.

Neither Albert Coates nor Sir Henry Wood are conducting this year. More's the pity. But this one can say about them. Coates sweats more than any other conductor in the world, while Sir Henry is popularly supposed to have a trick dickie, collar and tie, which he can peel off in a single movement together with his frock coat the moment he is out of sight.

Once the music has died away and the conductors put away their batons they are, let me say in conclusion, the most cynical and brilliant conversationalists of any group of professional men. And if you could give me a dinner party with Geoffrey Toye, Sir Thomas Beecham, Malcolm Sargent, Toscanini and Albert Coates, no other banquet or party in the West End would tempt me away. For they all have this in common—a magnificent contempt for all singers.

SAVE COVENT GARDEN OPERA: Britain's Most Acoustically Perfect Theatre Menaced with Demolition

PROLOGUE TO "PAGLIACCI"

Wealth and fashion listening to the opening air of Puccini's masterpiece at the famous Opera House. An impression of Covent Garden in 1913

Drawings by F. Matania

AT A ROYAL PERFORMANCE

The Crown Princess of Germany, the King and Queen, Archduke Carl Francis of Austria and (extreme right), Crown Prince Ferdinand of Rumania at the opera in 1911

EMMY DESTINN: The Madame Butterfly of her day

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG: The last scene of all in the great Nibelungen series of Wagner operas. An artist's impression of the destruction of Valhalla

MARIO SAMMARCO: The finest Rigoletto that ever trod the boards

ENRICO CARUSO: The world's greatest tenor

DAME NELLIE MELBA: The Australian nightingale

In only a few weeks the extended lease of Covent Garden Opera House comes to an end. With it may pass for ever the home of British opera, the scene for so many years of brilliant gatherings and triumphs, and in its place—unkindest cut of all—is threatened a block of shops and offices. London never had such a theatre so acoustically perfect, so well suited to the production of the greatest of the world's musical treasures, and no new house could take its place except at a cost far beyond the means of those who would forward such a scheme. £250,000 for the freehold or £18,000 a year rental is all, it seems, that can save this great national institution for the future.

It is thought by some experts that the addition of three or four hundred seats would provide the difference between profit and loss, and with this addition it would be possible to carry on. This may yet be a way out. On this page we reproduce an artist's impressions of the Opera House in all the glitter and pageantry of pre-War days, and portraits of some famous artistes who made the Opera House famous. The history of the old theatre is discussed more fully on page 354 of this issue.

THE JAPANESE CAMPAIGN FOR A NEUTRA

EAST AND WEST AT PEIPING RAILW

At the time of writing eleven Japanese bombing aeroplane over Peiping at a low altitude. They were a visible s of the Japanese vanguard towards the once Imperial city of and dismay were reported to be growing hourly, and a double round the Japanese barracks. A piquant situation had also j the action of the South West political council of the semi-in ment of South China. This body had drawn up terms for an

RAL ZONE : THE ADVANCE TO PEIPING

RAILWAY STATION : Rail-coaches, rickshaws, taxicabs, wireless masts, and huge advertisements of cigarettes surrounded by the ancient dwellings of old Peking

eroplanes have just flown
isible sign of the advance
ity of Peking. Tension
double guard was placed
also just arisen through
semi-independent Govern-
for an armistice between
China and Japan and transmitted it to the Council of the League of Nations. This action has been deplored by the Central Government at Nanking, and a note to Canton indicates clearly its bitter resentment and calls attention to the critical military situation in North China, and the mounting war casualties in that area. The Central Executive Committee asks, ironically, "Have you not heard of these things?" and requests Canton to cease attacking the Central Government on the basis of rumours.

In the meantime the city of Peiping trembles, realizing, apparently, that the Chinese troops are utterly unable to defend it from occupation by the Japanese army although they have nothing to fear except loss of face which is so much a matter of concern in the Far East. Modern Peiping occupies the unenviable position of all deposed capitals. All around one are relics of a departed power. On the left are seen some of the famous carved figures leading to the tombs of the Ming Emperors outside Peiping.

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

Walking the other day in the gardens around the enclosure of the Pré Catelan, in the Bois de Boulogne, I became a little shaken in my belief that the parks of London are unsurpassed. Perhaps it was the summery morning, fresh and sun-smitten; perhaps it was the sudden consciousness of the riot of Spring expressed in beds of pansies, in the red blossom of the Judas trees, in the banked rhododendrons and the clumps of flowering wygeria; whatever it may have been, I felt that the palm must go to this garden in the Bois de Boulogne, although at this same moment the beds of tulips in St. James's Park had a breath-taking beauty in their massed colour. It was perhaps wilful of us, in the midst of this sylvan scene, to leave the garden that derives its name from a gamekeeper of Louis XV, and hurry to the other end of Paris, in order to observe the bourgeoisie on holiday. But my companions, in a mood of caprice, would not be thwarted.

So off we went to the Musée Grevin on the Boulevard Montmartre. It was crowded to suffocation. It had an odious blend of old clothes, wax effigies, and perspiring people. The waxworks themselves would have been scorned at Madame Tussaud's. Waxworks anywhere fill me with repulsion. The best of them are corpse-like and make me feel like Sir Bernard Spilsbury about to look for arsenic. But in one section of this ghoulish museum my interest was awakened. I was not stirred by the Christians being eaten by lions in the arena, but I was attracted by the scenes representing episodes in the French Revolution.

As I looked at these I could not help wondering why such insistence is laid upon the massacres of early Christians and of the French aristocracy. There are scenes to be derived from recent Russian history which surpass in horror, bloodthirstiness, and pathos any that can be conjured up from Roman or French history. Here is a field of horror entirely neglected by the waxwork artist. It is singular, too, that from the Russian Revolution no really spectacular or heroic figure has emerged. Was there no gallant aristocrat who went to his death gaily attired, with a fine epigram on his lips? We have learned of none. It must be said for the guillotine that men were not despatched in dark holes without the chance of a gallant attitude or the opportunity of a last brave speech being heard. Many passages of Carlyle's came to mind on this afternoon as I stood before scene after scene. Like all the Victorians, the Sage of Chelsea has fallen into disrepute. He was violent, domineering, and pig-headed. But at his best he could handle the thunderbolts of Zeus as none other.

In his story, *The French Revolution*, he had storm material, and used it as a master. I hope the excellent edition which Messrs. Dent have just issued in their "Double Volumes Series," which contains, under one cover, at the price of 5s., masterpieces which are generally issued in two separate volumes, will bring this masterpiece to the reader's attention. No intelligent person can cross the Channel without reading it. The waxworks of the lugubrious Musée Grevin gave me pleasure because of the passages from Carlyle they evoked, and before the reconstruction of Marie Antoinette on the scaffold I recalled one of the great moments of all my reading, when I came to the seventh chapter of Book IV, wherein "the young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight; gray before her time. This is the last Procession."

Outside on the Boulevard Montmartre, I watched the dense crowd pass by. Were these the descendants of that same mob? Somewhere among them might not there be the descendant of that man who threw the paving-stone, killing the great-great-grandfather of my companion? Carlyle and the Musée Grevin had bridged the years.

In *John Ruskin*, by R. H. Wilenski (Faber and Faber. 15s.), another Victorian comes under close examination. It is both medical and psychological. Mr. Wilenski has a terrifying efficiency. Nothing escapes him. He will watch the mind of the genius as the alienist will watch his patient. Here is much explained that was dark and contradictory in the life of this passionate apostle of a new beauty and economy. He is not only the creator of a magnificent prose style, a preacher of new causes, he is a man tortured by progressive insanity. Four years before he was born his paternal grandfather became insane. In early manhood Ruskin lived with patrician splendour, and was certain that he had exceptional knowledge of Nature and of the intention of God, suffering at the same time from acute depression and seeing eels in the sky. Looked on by many as a pretentious dilettante, he was swept by amorous impulses, and fell in love with a child of eleven, and for five years frequented a girls' school.

There followed, in his early forties, a persecution mania, hatred of the world, and much word-jingling and obscurantism. At fifty he was fearing insanity, which took the form of a storm-cloud obsession. He had his fifth attack of madness in 1886. From that time on he passed from public view until his death. Mr. Wilenski's astonishing study at first invites passionate contradiction, but he makes out his case with so much circumstantial evidence and sympathy that his revelation of the basis of discord in Ruskin's life will have to be accepted. It explains the character and quality of Ruskin's writing, his turbulence, his unaccountable silliness, side by side with such earnest and courageous work towards the construction of a new age.

It is a sad story. He watched his own symptoms, and the vast public never knew what he was contending with.

"I went crazy about St. Ursula and the other saints, chiefly young-lady saints . . . it was more wonderful yet to find the madness made up into things so dreadful, out of things so trivial. One of the most provoking and disagreeable of the spectres was developed out of the firelight on my mahogany bed post."

Startling as this book is in some of its aspects it must be said for Mr. Wilenski's remarkable study that he has the fullest familiarity with his subject's work and life, and never makes a reckless assumption or an unreasonable deduction from the facts before him. Moreover, he sets to all biographers a pattern of honesty in the matter of textual quotations and derivative sources. But for this, the reader would find himself constantly challenging the incredible story of Ruskin's life which is presented in this large volume. It is written, moreover, by one who is not inspired by iconoclastic passion, but by a sincere student and admirer of Ruskin. He sees, in the manner and matter of their message, a remarkable parallel between Ruskin and Wells.

Elliott and Fry

JOHN RUSKIN AT THE AGE OF FORTY-EIGHT: The greatest thinker of his time as he was in 1867. Mr. R. H. Wilenski's biographical and critical survey of his life and works has just been published by Faber and Faber, Ltd.

BOOKS TO READ

THE OMNIBUS BOX, by Mark E. Perugini (Jarrold. 18s.).

MANY MYSTERIES, a Phillips Oppenheim Selection (Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.).

ST. JOHN ERVINE OMNIBUS (Collins. 7s. 6d.).

THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT, by W. H. Bragg (G. Bell and Sons. 12s. 6d.).

THE GOLDEN PIPER, by F. A. Kummer (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.).

REVOLT OF WOMEN, by Hamilton Fyfe (Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.).

DISCOVERY BY TORCHLIGHT, by P. Whitehouse (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.).

DURBAN, by Dennis Kincaid (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.).

DEBORAH IN LANGDALE, by E. M. Ward (Methuen. 7s. 6d.).

"John Ruskin," by R. H. Wilenski—Another Great Victorian Psycho-analysed: "The Journals of Arnold Bennett"—Matters of Outstanding Interest Amplified with a Mountain of Petty Gossip

Wells, as propagandist, is the present day equivalent of Ruskin, as propagandist. He voices the secret fears and discontents of the men in the street and speaks words that they want passionately to hear. If we make allowances for the happenings in the interval, there is astonishingly little in the main thesis of *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind* which cannot be found somewhere in the corpus of Ruskin's writings.

The third volume of *The Journals of Arnold Bennett* (Cassell. 10s. 6d.), edited by Newman Flower, maintains the impression created by its predecessors. Here is a minute, revelatory diary in which the progress of a very competent literary workman is recorded. For those with any belief in inspiration this diary will prove shattering. It shows a strictly disciplined mind, in one sense, straining all its resources in pursuit of success, and success measured solely by money. The price obtained for a story, the money-rate of his hired labour, the efficiency of his brain as a machine for maintaining output—these are the things that interested Arnold Bennett. He was interested also in his fellow men, but the impression of this volume confirms that of its forerunners. He had the gossip-obsessed mind of an embittered spinster, and had a passion for tittle-tattle. Among much matter of interest there is a mountain of petty gossip, scandalous and otherwise. I find it difficult to believe that Bennett ever intended much of this for publication. The first version of this volume, withdrawn from publication, contained an outrageous slander of the late Lord Rhondda. Following protests, this has been withdrawn from the volume now issued, but I regret that other protests have been ignored. Bennett repeats a malicious story of Mr. Newman Flower's, regarding the late Clement Shorter, which charges him with cunning misappropriation of a Hardy manuscript. He indulges in much ill-mannered comment on people whose hospitality he had enjoyed. While his origin may account for this it does not excuse its publication. There is an insulting reference to myself which is such a gross travesty of the facts that I am compelled to wonder how much of the diary is coloured by ill-tempered caprice. I learn that I went to tea with Bennett "simply for gossip and to talk about myself," and that I "had the damned cheek to stay for ninety-five minutes." Liver, or the artistic temperament, may account for this entry, but by its publication Mr. Newman Flower proves that he does not know the first duty of an editor, and is singularly lacking in good taste. Ninety-five minutes is an hour and a half, not a long time for tea, especially when one's host has twice pressed one to stay. A very young man generally talks about himself on the slightest encouragement, but on this occasion the host revealed the purpose of his invitation by pressing throughout the visit for information upon the financial stability of a company with which his guest was associated. A sense of loyalty prevented curiosity being satisfied, and probably accounted for the peevish entry in the diary.

However that may be, it did not prevent Arnold Bennett lunching with me on three subsequent occasions for a duration of much more than ninety-five minutes, or my giving up a whole day in order to pilot him around Venice. I enjoyed the company of Bennett, I was under the illusion he enjoyed mine. That he had in him aspects of the bounder the whole world knew, and enjoyed. Now, perforce, I shall be compelled to think he was a social hypocrite also. This whole book reveals the danger of keeping diaries, particularly when they are edited without courtesy to living persons mentioned in them. We can smile when Bennett tells us he was glad he had not been effusive to Princess Marie Louise. "I might have got dragged into St. James's Palace, which I should have hated, I know," or at the terrible, bourgeoise photographs, or at his obsession with money, and we may deplore his treatment of his devoted wife. These are private matters which this diary forces upon our notice. There was an Arnold Bennett who was generous, sympathetic, and excellent company, and *au fond*, despite the shopkeeper, an artist. Flashes of this better Bennett emerge with much shrewd comment. But those who enjoy catching their gods *en pantoufles* will delight in this volume. It never lacks interest, but the intimacy is too often that of the keyhole.

FIGURE OF VICTORY: One of the most remarkable of the sculptures of Libero Andreotti, the distinguished Italian sculptor who died in Italy last month

PORTRAIT OF A HELLENE PRINCE: This marble bust, with its head of unusual beauty, was found recently during excavations in the Temple of Apollo at Cyrene. It is now on exhibition in Rome

SIR PERCY LORAINE, BT., K.C.M.G.: Model of a bronze head of the High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan by Felix Wess. Now on exhibition at the Warren Gallery

A MISSING MASTERPIECE: "the Portrait of Miss Barnard," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which was stolen recently from the Brooklyn Museum of Art, New York

NEWS from the ART WORLD

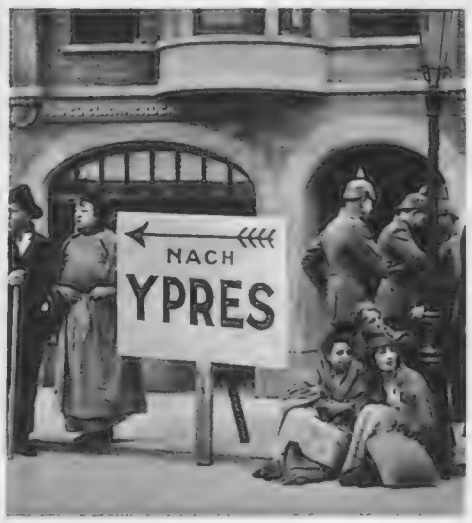
"PORTRAIT OF SEÑOR MIOSA": A Van Dyck also among the stolen paintings from the Brooklyn Museum. Romney's portrait of Miss Mingay was removed at the same time

"REMBRANDT'S STUDIO" BY J. SCARLETT DAVIS: A fine canvas painted in Amsterdam in 1841 showing Rembrandt sitting at his easel. Scarlett Davis was born in 1804 and died in 1845 but, except among enthusiasts, comparatively little is known of his work, some of which certainly deserves a place in our public art galleries. This picture is now on exhibition at the Cotswold Gallery

RELIQUARY GIVEN BY POPE CLEMENT VII TO THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE: It is now to be seen in the exhibition of sacred treasures at San Marco, Florence

GERMAN TROOPS marching into Roulers in the new Gaumont British film, *I Was a Spy*, now in production. Note the houses surrounding the square and the church belfry beyond—and the vast cobbled pavement all seems quite real—where was it taken?

MADELEINE CARROLL as a peasant girl tending her carrier dogs in another scene from *I Was a Spy*. The film is directed by Victor Saville, and for a British production is framed on a particularly elaborate scale



IN WAR-STRICKEN ROULERS: German soldiers and Belgian peasants in the little town. Over 1,000 extras, including ex-Service men, have been employed in making the film

A BRITISH WAR FILM IN THE MAKING AT WELWYN GARDEN CITY

Left—Madeleine Carroll, who takes the part of Marthe Mackenna the spy, and Victor Saville the director, seen on the set at Welwyn during the filming of the war scenes in *I Was a Spy*. *Above*—Troops marching through the village, which was all erected at Welwyn, as the props supporting an artificial house clearly show

PLAYS and

"The Late Christopher Bean": Decent Family with Originality a War Play

By

To suggest genius on the stage is not easy, when that genius is not histrionic genius (and that is not frequent). So much has to be taken for granted.

Write a play about a great composer and the illusion falls to the ground the moment his music has to be played on the stage. The solitary exception to this was the case of Richard Wagner, who, having chosen to compose an opera (and its libretto) which concerned a masterpiece of melody, wrote *Die Meistersingers* and its Prize Song, which actually is the loveliest melody of all time.

Plays about famous painters skate on thin ice the moment the audience is shown a picture supposed to have been painted by the hero, as those who saw Arnold Bennett's *The Great Adventure* will remember.

The author of *The Late Christopher Bean* at the St. James's has played for safety. I did not see the French original, *Prenez Garde à la Peinture*, by M. René Fauchois, so I do not know whether to allot to him or to Mr. Emlyn Williams, who has given the play its English or, rather, Welsh setting, the credit of abstaining from showing us the pictures of the drunken young genius, Mr. Bean.

The point is more important than is generally realized. We do not even see Mr. Bean, who died ten years before the curtain rose. There are no obstacles, therefore, in the way of considering that Mr. Bean *was* a genius, and the pother his pictures caused in the household of a Welsh doctor quite credible.

Dr. Haggett, his dowdy wife, and his two pretty daughters had thought very little of young Bean, their lodger-patient, and nothing at all of his pictures, which had been lodged in a tool-shed, painted over, burned, or given away. The trouble did not begin until some London pundits chose to hail some of his works as the product of a sort of super-Cézanne and to put fancy prices on them. The publication in a literary review of Bean's letters, with references to the Haggett family, sent a dealer, a critic, and a glib scoundrel to that Welsh village by the first available train.

The doctor, shabby and impecunious, is bewildered by offers of thousands of guineas for pictures he now cannot find. One remains—the portrait of Gwenny, his very Welsh cook-general—and that hangs in her bedroom, to which, we are led to suppose, young Bean was himself no stranger. Anyway, she was fond of him and it is her property.

The Haggetts try to secure it, to find other Bean pictures, to bluff the dealers, and to reach somehow the fortune which is just within their grasp.

This is a comedy of greed and nothing else. Its overwhelming success is a proof of its originality and brilliance. For greed is not in itself a comic subject. The transformation of a dull but decent family into a gang of avaricious and unscrupulous conspirators might be ugly and even a picture of tragedy. Yet this is delightful fooling, in essence as well as in treatment.

There has been no attempt to "play for" laughs by popping in witty lines or farcical situations for their own sake. Everything evolves naturally from the little story the moment it starts to move.

Mr. Cedric Hardwicke strikes a vein of rich comedy in Dr. Haggett; yet there is nothing extravagant about him. He is strange but not freakish. Miss Louise Hampton, his wife, extracts the maximum of fun with, apparently, the minimum of effort. Miss Nadine March is cleverly catty, though I am wondering whether that degree of blondeness is to be found in the remote regions of gallant little Wales.

From Mrs. Millamant, Dame N . . . ie M . . ba, and a Shavian Queen, to a Welsh-accented maid-of-all-work is a step which Miss Edith Evans has taken with easy confidence. Never has she been more diverting.

But here is the most diverting play with which London has been blest for a very long while.

With something like monotony does the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, trot out a new play once a fortnight, and a good one. I would put *Sometimes, Even Now*, by W. Chetham-Strode, high upon the ambassadorial list. Of its chances of proving a commercial winner when it is later sent to the West End I am not sanguine, though here I trust I may be proved wrong.

War plays are doubtful in these days, because the War is too far off to have a vivid and immediate interest, and too near to have the attraction of antiquity.

FILMS of TO-DAY

opher Bean"—the Transformation of a Dull but into a Gang of Avaricious Conspirators told and Brilliance: "Sometimes, Even Now"—in the Cavalcade Manner at the Embassy

PHILIP PAGE

Not that Mr. Chetham-Strode's play shows us any fighting, nor does it all take place in the War years. But the smell of khaki is all over it, even in the 1933 Act. The author has set himself yet another obstacle. His play is a series of compartments not quite watertight, but sufficiently separated to chop up the interest.

The adventures of a girl, Sheila Grey, over a period of eighteen years, involve retrospect. They also involve Miss Celia Johnson in the immensely difficult task of growing older and older. Not into old age, as Miss Evelyn Laye, with a white wig and leaning a quivering hand on a walking-stick, had to do in *Bitter Sweet*. I do not intend to belittle Miss Laye's ability by saying that that sort of thing is as easy as pie. She probably knows that herself; she is vastly deceiving herself if she does not.

No, Miss Johnson has to proceed from being a young girl to the fortyish period of middle-age. Since she is in her own personality the very essence of wide-eyed virginity, that must have been extremely hard; and her task was not lessened by the fact that an illegitimate son accompanied the progress.

Sheila, in Act I, was rather enjoying the War. She danced and dined with officers on leave, and did her bit of war work. One officer, a taciturn person, had his leave cut short, so to console him for the disappointment she let him spend a night in her flat. Hence her companion in the later scenes.

The taciturn person could not marry her, for he was killed in action. Sheila's adventures in the succeeding years are mainly meetings with ex-officer friends, one of them, whom she had come as near to loving as was in her, complacently and stodgily married.

A grey play, but a clever one. It is realistic and, if anything, not quite theatrical enough. That description applies to Mr. Frank Allenby's acting. As the unmarried father he would have been perfect had he remembered that he was in a theatre to the extent of becoming a trifle more audible. Miss Marie Löhr made magnificent use of her one short chance, and Mr. Anthony Shaw and Mr. Jack Hawkins put in first-rate work.

A mighty sensation would be caused—certainly on the first night, which would stand a fair chance of being the whole extent of the play's existence—by the production of a musical-comedy in which, at the end of Act II, the heroine were to die.

I can conceive circumstances in which this would add to the general gaiety, and would put one in better fettle to enjoy the restaurant scene in Act III. But that rests with the individual, and as an experiment it would be risky. Mr. Noel Coward came more nearly to this than anyone when in *Bitter Sweet* he killed his hero, with another act to go.

I found many things charming, and some original, in *Music in the Air*, Mr. C. B. Cochran's production at His Majesty's Theatre, in which the Hammerstein-Kern combination display their usual efficiency. But to a soul aweary of convention the most entertaining part of the story is the fact that before it is over the heroine has, professionally speaking, killed herself.

She is a simple village maiden who goes to the great city, is given an important part in a comic opera, and does NOT "wake up to find herself famous." No sub-editor the next morning has to work in yet again that overworked word "triumph." For her there is no next morning and no triumph. Even at rehearsals it is obvious that she is a failure.

From this it may be judged that *Music in the Air* is a highly professional affair—a play about a play. It used to be said that the general public prefers to wallow in its ignorance of the technical aspect of the theatre and does not like to see the wheels go round. The few who can appreciate fully such subtlety as exists in the fun—or tragedy—of "shop" about rehearsals and the leading lady's tantrums, and music-publishers' offices, and contracts, and agents, and critics, and what not, do not pay for their seats.

But taste has probably changed, and for Mr. Cochran's sake I hope it has. The success of *The Cat and the Fiddle*—also about a musical-comedy in the making, and also with music by Jerome Kern—is a cheerful omen, and the avidity with which innumerable back-stage films have been received is another.

There is a rural background to life in the musical city of Munich. The village of Edendorf has the loveliest of scenery and other picturesque adjuncts of a sentimental, musical, and non-militarist Germany. The burgomaster is as bearded as Brahms. The local belle is called Sieglinde, but with easier music to sing than that of the Sieglinde of *Die Walküre*—in the circumstances a wise and merciful dispensation.

Sieglinde's father is a composer in a modest and rustic way and conducts the Edendorf Choral Society. But the chum of his boyhood has become the great Munich publisher. Why should not his music be published and his daughter become a great star? To Munich they go.

Sieglinde is a *gauche* creature and a successful playwright takes her to the Zoo—not because he considers it an appropriate permanent home, but because her girlish innocence appeals to him. He even quarrels on her account with a tempestuously temperamental leading lady who is his mistress.

The play ceases for a glorious moment to be either charming or amusing when Mr. Herbert Ross, as a musical director, has a dramatic outburst of indignation against some sentimental sympathy over Sieglinde's incompetence. Mr. Ross, who plays the little scene brilliantly, says, in effect, that all talk about "hard luck" is irrelevant nonsense; that a girl must know her job; that this one doesn't; that the stage is too full of silly amateurs—and that's that.

This speech should be framed and should hang in every managerial office and before the desk of every critic. But I wonder how long a real musical director who uttered it would keep his job.

For the rest, *Music in the Air* has plenty of charm and some attractive music, and it is exquisitely produced. Some scenes could be deleted altogether, others would be improved by being cut in half, for at times it drags, but not often.

Miss Mary Ellis we have known for some time as an admirable actress; she has now proved that she can sing as well as she acts. No actor finds less difficulty than Mr. Horace Hodges in registering elderly and lovable simplicity. Mr. Arthur Margetson (the playwright), Mr. Charles V. France (the publisher), and Miss Jean Gillie, who in a few short moments entranced with her grace, are further assets. Miss Eve Lister as Sieglinde fitted the part to perfection.

"SOMETIMES, EVEN NOW": FRANK ALLENBY as Noel Brandon, and Celia Johnson as Sheila Grey, in a scene from W. Chetham-Strode's new play at the Embassy. For a night, before Brandon has to return to the front, Sheila Grey becomes his lover and later has a child. Brandon is killed in action

JACK HAWKINS as Dick Gable, and Celia Johnson. Dick attempts, in a very telling act, to re-start his old friendship with Sheila, but is unsuccessful. He marries and settles down

"SOMETIMES, EVEN NOW"

JACK HAWKINS AND JOAN BRANDON, who takes the part of Anne Gable, his wife. Although the play is really the story of the emotional life of a young woman between youth and early middle age, the author has traced at the same time, and much in the manner of *Cavalcade*, the social history of the past two decades

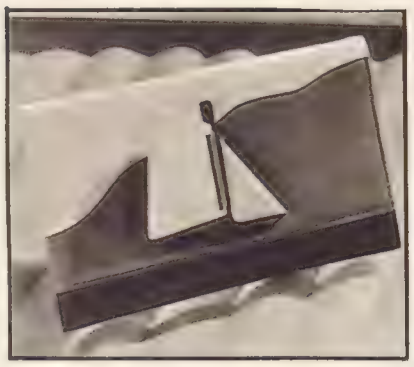
SUGGESTIONS for a SUMMER CRUISE

On left—Sunglare can be very trying unless one has a shady hat to protect the eyes and cast a shadow over the face. At the same time, packing is a problem that has to be borne in mind. This inexpensive natural linen hat from Swan and Edgar can be rolled up and tucked into a small space. The brim is closely stitched in three contrasting shades, and a petersham ribbon encircles the crown

On the right is a practical beauty box from Whiteley's. Enamelled in all colours and mottled with silver, it is extraordinarily light, and it is washable. There is a large powder box, bottles for cleansing tonic, eye and sunburn lotions, pots for creams, and a really good mirror in the lid—all for the extremely reasonable price of seventeen shillings and sixpence. Bath cubes and bath milk are excellent travelling companions

On the left is a pair of shore-going shoes that will add immeasurably to the enjoyment of excursions because they are so light and cool. In natural canvas, and tan or black calf, they cost a guinea at Lilley and Skinners'. A plain bar style is available if preferred. Both have well-balanced Cuban heels and are ideal for walking

On right—A two-toned linen handbag from Whiteley's, strengthened with calf. The Galilith sails are useful as well as decorative, for the large one does duty as the fastening



Shoes for deck wear should have good rubber soles and heels to prevent slipping, and (from the point of view of one's fellow passengers) to lessen noise. The white buck Ghillie shoes on the right come from Lilley and Skinner, of Oxford Street, and are very well designed

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A game of tennis in progress on the sun deck of a cruising liner

THE LINER'S BATHING POOL

Enjoying the southern sunshine from the cool of a cruising liner's bathing pool

"BAKSHEESH": Holidaymakers ashore on the Moroccan coast at Casablanca respond to the plaintive demands of the youthful snake charmers

THE NOTE OF ANTICIPATION that pervades a cruising holiday is quite one of its most delightful features. There is always the prospect of another land excursion, and after its labours there is one's own comfortable cabin awaiting one

THE BAY OF NAPLES: Turquoise blue waters in a setting of emerald green hills and snow-white Neapolitan houses. A Mecca of cruising liners in the Mediterranean

AFLOAT ON THE

Along the Track of the and the Fjords, the Medite

By EDWARD E.

Who have not sometimes dreamed dreams of wandering into strange, far-off lands, of seating themselves on some "magic carpet," and being whisked away, in a trice, to the spot on which they have set their heart's desire?

It is on the modern luxury liner, devoted during the months of summer to delightful pleasure-cruising, that you will find your very own square of "magic carpet," on which you may sail away—afloat in the summer sun—north, south, east, or west, into this sea or that, as your fancy wills, with no other restriction than the length of your purse, and you will certainly find this fascinating form of holiday travel the cheapest you have ever known.

And now allow me, as one who has travelled far and wide over a considerable period of years, possessing still that zest for travel which gripped me on my first trip, to act as your guide and take you over the full pleasure-cruise course arranged by those friends of yours and mine—the steamship companies.

For the benefit of those whose holidays fall due in the early summer, I shall "voyage" southwards first, to the warm waters of the Mediterranean and, *en route*, the coasts of sunny Spain and Portugal, returning along the shores of Northern Africa, with an excursion out into the Atlantic, to Madeira and the Canary Isles, and across this ocean to the waters of the mighty Amazon. The cruises northwards, to the Baltic and the coast of Norway, do not commence until midsummer is with us, by which time these waters have warmed up sufficiently to render cruising therein invigorating and extremely enjoyable.

Crossing the English Channel, sharply rounding the rugged point of Ushant, and then steering a course due south, right across the Bay of Biscay, which can be, and often is, as smooth as a millpond in summer time, you strike the rock-bound coast of Northern Spain, forbidding but extremely grand; since, flanking the high coastline, though some distance inland, the stately Cantabrian Mountains are seen with peaks of over 8,000 ft. soaring into the clouds. Santander, one of Spain's chief seaports and our first "call," shelters behind a rocky peninsula, and is quaintly divided into an upper and lower town. It is one of Spain's modern seaside resorts, and an interesting sign of the times.

Around Cape Finisterre, and one of the wildest stretches of cliff scenery, to Vigo, a natural harbour, of magnificent proportions (the nearest point in Europe to New York), and a fine port. Picturesquely situated at the head of a bay which resembles a Norwegian fjord in scenery, Vigo is an attractive spot, and it was such, from another angle, to Englishmen of bygone days; for it was twice attacked by Sir Francis Drake when he was treasure hunting, and in 1702 Sir George Rooke actually captured £1,000,000 sterling in Vigo Bay!

Skirting the lower lying coast of Portugal now we make Cape Roca, double it, and pass into the Tagus between a gleaming sandbank on one side and pretty Mont Estoril on the other, to drop anchor a few miles up before Lisbon, one of the finest capitals in the world, its streets terraced on hill sides and its handsome buildings, many of dazzling white, set around parks and squares with a wealth of palms and flowering shrubs which form a vivid contrast. Within easy distance of Lisbon is Cintra, a rare beauty spot, with its royal palace perched on mountain crags amid a eucalyptus forest, and your visit must include this.

Past historic Cape St. Vincent to Cadiz, and then across Trafalgar's Bay to the Rock of Gibraltar, the key to the Mediterranean, and you will thrill with pride when you realize that Britain holds it. Ashore you will marvel at the ingenuity of its fortifications and find the mixture of its crowded population amusing, and as you pass out, on the way to Malaga, you will have the most impressive view of this great, gaunt, often cloud-topped rocky mass. Malaga is a city of the plains, amongst groves of oranges and lemons, vineyards of clustering grapes, fields of sugar-cane, and gardens where grow pomegranates and even the banana! It has for a distant setting a range of lofty mountains, is famed for the beauty of its women, and it is an easy rail journey from Granada, once the capital of Moorish Spain, and where you may still see the crowning glory of Moorish art—the Alhambra.

Along by the Spanish coast, *en route* to the charming Balearic Isles, you obtain a glorious view of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada, and whether you stay at Iviza, at Pollenza Bay, or at Palma you will be enchanted with the scenery — mountain heights, foaming torrents, adown valleys sparkling with orange groves, and lofty cliffs of fantastic outline rising sheer up from the bluest of sea—and delighted with your glimpse of Mallorcan life. Then along the coast of the Riviera to Monte Carlo, perhaps to take a turn at the tables, certainly to gain a glimpse of the amazingly cosmopolitan clientèle of the gaming halls, and then make our way through the Straits of Bonifacio, sufficiently close to the coast of both Corsica and Sardinia to enjoy its rugged grandeur, to Civita Vecchia, on the Italian coast, built by Trajan, embellished by various Popes, and the nearest port to the Eternal City, so that we have the great privilege of a glimpse at Rome and St. Peter's, in Holy Year, before we steam southwards to Naples and its wonderful bay, ringed round with hills, on the slopes of which the city rises upwards from the blue sea, with Mount Vesuvius towering into the heavens nearby, and ever a warning smoke cloud about its heights.

RABAT: The little white houses facing the North Atlantic make this port one of the coolest and most delightful on the Moroccan coast

As you steam down the Straits of Messina, you will see, on your right, Taormina, the most beautiful town in Sicily, nestling almost at the foot of snow-capped Etna, and the view from here of Etna, the Straits, and the mountains of Calabria opposite is held to be one of the finest in the world. Away to Malta—where once the Knights of St. John held sway and which still

LISBON FROM THE TAGUS: The picturesque capital of Portugal seen from its great river highway. Between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries Lisbon was one of Europe's most prosperous commercial ports

A STREET IN TANGIER: A popular stopping-place of cruising liners on the Moroccan coast

boasts many noble buildings of their time. You will find these in Valetta and much else that will please you, including the strangely cosmopolitan "atmosphere," for Malta is an island where Carthaginian, Roman, Norman, and Arab met, and their descendants have mixed with most of the races of Europe.

It is a very pleasant run up the Adriatic, in summer time, through the Straits of Otranto, and with now and then a glimpse of the Italian Apennines, to Venice. To enter into the lagoons of Venice from the sea on a summer's morning, as I have done, and to see the marble palaces, the spires and domes of stately churches, and the blue waterways, radiant in the sunshine, a glittering pageant, is a scene which never fades from memory, and a fitting introduction to the enthralling sights Venice, once the proud "Mistress of the Adriatic," and the gateway through which the wares of the East came to the West, has to offer you. There is no other such place in the world; Venice is a kingdom in itself.

We return down the Adriatic by way of the coast of Dalmatia, skirting several islands, calling at one, Korcula, and then passing on to Dubrovnik, a most picturesque town built about a limestone promontory jutting into the Adriatic, ringed round with frowning battlements, guarded seawards by stout fortresses, and in aspect medievally romantic. Once a republic in its own right, the world knew it for more than eleven centuries

SUMMER SEA

Cruising Liners to Norway ranean and the Atlantic Isles

LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

as Ragusa, but the Yugoslav Government altered it to Dubrovnik, and so have somewhat veiled the glory of this most wonderfully preserved fortified seaport of the Middle Ages.

THE BAY AT VIGO: The little seaport on the west coast of Spain celebrated for the naval battle in 1702 when the Anglo-Dutch Fleet sank a Spanish treasure argosy from America

MALAGA: One of the show places of Southern Spain said to have been founded by Phœnician traders

And now, passing the low-lying shores of Albania and after calling at Corfu, most beautiful of the Grecian Isles, where, amid groves of olive, myrtle, and arbutus, the German ex-Kaiser once spent holidays in the lovely Achilleion Palace, built for the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth of Austria, we cross the Mediterranean—to another sphere, in a sense another world—that of a stronger sun, a swarthier race, linking up with that of the East, and a different religion, that of Islam, the Crescent in place of the Cross.

Tunis, our first port of call, stands very near to where once stood Phœnician Carthage, 200 years B.C. the greatest city in the world, with a population of a million and probably the world's greatest market. Later a Roman city, then a Vandal pirate stronghold, it was destroyed finally by the Arabs in A.D. 698, and very little indeed remains to give us any idea of the splendours of Carthage in its prime. Tunis was once a great Moslem fortified city. St. Louis, King of France, died under its walls whilst attacking it; to-day it is the capital of French Tunisia, and whilst enough remains of the native town to give an idea of its former state, European Tunis is a handsome modern city, where you may shop, go to the theatre, and dine as in Paris or London!

As we steam westward along the coast with mountains always in view, we come next to Ceuta, in Spanish Morocco, which stands on a promontory with a bold headland of seven peaks, one of which, over 600 ft. high, is one of the classic "Pillars of Hercules" guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean, which here, directly opposite Gibraltar, is 14 miles wide.

Tangier, on the other side of the peninsula, has a very picturesque appearance from the sea, and ashore you will find, among the many historical remains—for it was once a Roman city, then Vandal, Byzantine, and Arab in turn—York Castle and Catherine Gate, evidences of the days when Tangier, as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, Charles II's queen, was held as a British fortress by British troops—Colonel Kirke and his "Lambs."

Now we head off into the Atlantic, and its cool invigorating breeze, *en route* for the Canary Isles, but stopping along the coast to have a peep at native Moroccan life at Casablanca, a very fine modern port of French creation, but which lies very near to and is connected by rail with Rabat, a Moroccan port of the old type, with quaint old buildings of typical Moroccan architecture.

Nearing the Canaries you feel that all this medievalism and mystery have been left far, far behind. Ahead lie natural charm and beauty, and later you find, in Las Palmas, in Grand Canary, and in Teneriffe, over which tower its snow-capped mountain heights, delightful scenery verging upon that of the tropics, but of a type distinctly peculiar to these happy little islands aptly named by the old-time geographers the "Fortunate Isles"!

Turning northwards we make for Madeira and for Funchal, the capital and port of the Madeira group. Wherever else you may have been, whatever else you may have seen, you cannot fail to be entranced with the beauty of Madeira. The steep streets of Funchal, a-down which you toboggan or ride in a bullock-drawn sleigh along those which are less steep, the houses perched on crags on the hillsides, with gardens ablaze with blossom; the great canalized mountain torrent which plunges down through the town strike a very distinct note in Madeira, and a glass of its once far-famed wine will enliven the memories you will carry with you from this lovely island.

Southwards and westwards, across the Atlantic, now, right on to the Equator line, to where, long before we come in sight of land, the mud-stained waters tell us that it is not very far off, and even when we have been for some time in the mouth of the mighty Amazon, largest of the world's rivers, such is its width that we seem rather to be in some great inland sea. And now, for many days, a fascinating panorama of river life and river scenery unfolds itself. Here, in Brazil, the river is the great artery of trade, and it is the only track through the great virgin forests; and when we leave behind the towns and cities of the Amazon, and come to its higher reaches, we see there a bewildering variety of tropical vegetation, and venturing close, in small boats, we are taken a-down narrow channels which cut into the very heart of the jungle, and there behold a maze of plant life—cannas and water-hyacinth cluster about the stream surface, beyond these, gorgeous-hued amaryllis flower in clumps, to fallen tree-trunks and branches cling weirdly-shaped and coloured orchids, masses of fern and lantana, begonias of varying shade; blossoms of vivid red, orange, yellow, and pink form a colour mosaic, and from out amongst these shoot red and yellow heliconias, with their large leaves and slender palms; taller palms and huge shade-loving trees tower skywards, whilst between hang masses of liana creeper, along which the marmoset swings from tree to tree. Bright-plumaged birds and butterflies delight the eye and complete the picture.

It is a far cry from the Amazon to the North Sea, for we are now on the way to Hamburg, afterwards to pass through the Kiel Canal into the Baltic, cruise in its waters, and then pay a visit to Norway and its famous fjords. Hamburg is not only Germany's greatest seaport; it is the largest seaport on the continent of Europe, and it is the capital of the Free State of Hamburg. It is also a great manufacturing centre, and the modern and larger portion of the city is extremely well planned, containing many magnificent buildings.

Returning down the Elbe from Hamburg, to the mouth of the river, at Brunsbüttel we enter the famous Kiel Canal, the highway to the Baltic, which proved such a tower of strength to Germany during the War, but which is internationally controlled now under the Treaty of Versailles. It is 53 miles long and 37 ft. deep, and can accommodate vessels not exceeding a draught of 29.7 ft., 131 ft. wide, and 1,035 ft. in length. Our ship steams through under its own power, but with a compulsory pilot on board, and the highest speed permitted is 8.1 knots. At Holtenau (the harbour of Kiel, Germany's chief naval port) we pass out into the Baltic and make our way to Danzig, another old Hanseatic port, and one with a stirring history, for, under Polish suzerainty until 1793, when Poland was partitioned amongst Prussia, Austria, and Russia, when it came under Prussian rule, later French under Napoleon, and then Prussian again. After the War Danzig was made a Free State under the League of Nations.

It is a fine old city with many remarkable specimens of medieval architecture. The fourteenth-century Church of St. Mary, the twelfth-century Cistercian Abbey, the Great Mill on the Radaune River, the Rathaus, the Stockthurm, the Long Street Gate, and the Kran Tor, or Crane Gate, a quaint old structure dating back to the fifteenth century, are all well worth seeing, and the maze of cobbled streets and alleys, some arched over and others with water gates, houses richly ornamented, with handsome façades and

(Continued on following page)

THE RAMPARTS AND TOWERS OF DUBROVNIK: The capital of the Province of Dalmatia looking out on to the Adriatic. For more than eleven centuries the town was known as Ragusa

FORTIFIED VALETTA: The harbour and fortifications of the Maltese capital. Many of these ramparts were built by the Knights of St. John during the period of their occupation of the island

AFLOAT ON THE SUMMER SEA

(Continued from Previous Page)

tall-pointed gables, will make you wish that you had the time to explore the district very thoroughly, and it will interest you to note such place names as "English Road" and "Old Scotland," bearing witness to the close trade relations Great Britain once had with Danzig.

Crossing the Gulf of Danzig, and passing along the East Prussian coast of Königsberg, we arrive at the much-disputed port of Memel, which was German before the War, a League of Nations zone afterwards, and was handed over to Lithuania in 1924, and is known now, by Lithuanians, as Klaipeda. Memel was founded by the Grand Master of the Order of Teutonic Knights in 1250, was for long a Hansa town; and, although small, strung out along the banks of the river Niemen, is quite an attractive old town in which, by the way, you will find the people mostly German, and amber wares cheap and reliable.

THE ENTRANCE TO FUNCHAL HARBOUR: Luxuriant vegetation and a temperate climate are the features of this lovely Madeiran seaport and tourist resort

Along the coast of Latvia, by Libau (Liepaja), round into the Gulf of Riga, where at the head of the gulf, Riga, Latvia's chief port and capital, lies athwart the river Dwina. Once one of the great granaries of the Hanseatic League, you may still see in Riga spacious storehouses of the past, and vast cellars, and though the city has been much restored, for under Russian rule it was the second largest port on the Baltic, the old Castle of the Knights of the Sword remains, and the "House of the Black Heads," a club-house of foreign merchants, dating from 1330! The history of the city is perhaps the most stirring of any Baltic port, for it has been under the rule of a Bishop of Livonia and the Order of the Teutonic Knights, and it has been a bone of contention between Sweden, Russia, and Poland. Now it is doing its best to recover from the ill effects of the War, and when you see its fine bathing beaches, with little chalets nestling amongst pine trees, giving health and pleasure to its people, you will imagine this is happening.

Across the Riga Gulf, past the Estonian islands of Saare Maa and Hiiu Maa, to the Gulf of Finland, and Tallinn, once known as Reval, and a very considerable Russian Baltic port. Tallinn is Estonia's chief port and capital, with a population of well over 100,000, and its grey, red-tiled towers, cobbled streets, city walls, and its old castle built by a Danish king give it a highly picturesque appearance, and here you will have interesting glimpses of Estonian life.

THE OLD MARKET PLACE AT TALLINN: This picturesque Estonian seaport is noted for its red-tiled roofs and cobbled streets. It was formerly known as Reval

The Estonians are a branch of the great Asiatic Ural-Altaic family, like the Finns to whose capital, Helsingfors, with a commanding harbour, we now make our way, across the Gulf of Finland, to find it a very modern, clean, well-built city laid out most attractively with wide streets, parks, and gardens.

It is quite a short run across to Stockholm, which has been termed the "Venice of the North," and is, certainly, an extremely beautiful city, although its waterways, extensive as they are and enhancing the aspect of the many noble buildings they front, in no way resemble the maze of canals which, in Venice, take the place of roads and render the city unique. Stockholm, however, will fascinate you with its wonderful views, its royal palace and handsome public buildings, its glorious parks and gardens, its teeming wharves along the harbour, its spacious streets bordering the waterways, its interesting open-air market in the Kornhamns Torg, and its magnificent thoroughfare of fashion—the Strandvägen.

STOCKHOLM: A view of the Swedish capital from the lofty tower of the Town Hall

COPENHAGEN: The Thorvaldsen Museum and a corner of the Christianborg Palace

Proceeding down the Baltic, *en route* for Copenhagen, we halt for a peep at Visby, the old capital of the Swedish island of Gottland, a notable trading place as far back as the Stone Age. Hordes of Roman, Byzantine, and Arab coins have been found in Gottland, proving its great trade antiquity. From the eleventh to the fourteenth century, Visby was one of the richest commercial centres of the Baltic, it was principal harbour of the Hanseatic League, and its importance in world sea trade is attested by the famous code of maritime laws which bears its name. A most picturesquely situated medieval, walled town, Visby teems with remarkable buildings of past ages, and almost every stone of the town tells a tale.

Everyone who is not too young and too modern to be shocked at the idea of fairies wishes to see where Hans Andersen lived in Copenhagen, and they will not be disappointed with the city in other respects for, with its many canals, some of them lined with picturesque gabled houses, its fine thoroughfares, parks, and public buildings, its magnificent royal palaces, its historic "Round Tower," and its imposing Citadel of Frederikshavn which commands the Sound and which played its part in the Battle of Copenhagen, when Nelson put his telescope to his blind eye, Copenhagen is a most attractive city. And when you have visited its alluring shopping centres, had a glimpse of its very busy commercial life, taken a typical and very appetizing Danish lunch with some typical Danish appetizers, you must pay a visit to the world-famous Tivoli Gardens, where the pleasure-loving Danish folk forgather, and see how thoroughly the Danes have learned the art of enjoying themselves!

Through the Sound into the Kattegat, and on up the Skagerrack into the Oslo Fjord, and at the head of this we come to Oslo, the charming capital of Norway, set amidst encircling pine-wooded hills and partly surrounded by the clear waters of its island-studded fjord. Karl Johan's Gade, Oslo's principal thoroughfare, and the Stor Torv or Great Market-place, will interest you, also the Bishop's Palace adjoining the Cathedral of St. Halvard, for it was here, in 1589, that James VI of Scotland was betrothed to Anne of Denmark. And do not forget to go to the historical museum and see the three Viking ships, which were excavated entire, which will help you to realize the spirit of daring which possessed the Vikings of Norway in olden times when they scoured the seas for adventure!

OSLO: Karl Johan's Gade, the principal and fashionable thoroughfare of the city

BERGEN: The gateway to the fjords, and one of Norway's most sheltered harbours

We set out from Oslo to explore the marvels of Norway's far-famed western coast—the region of the fjords, and journey thither either overland, by way of the Oslo-Bergen railway and the mountain wonderland it traverses, or along the coast to Bergen.

Bergen is an ideal "kicking-off" place for the fjords or for exploring the magnificent mountain districts inland, for it has such a beautiful situation. Built in amphitheatre form around the broad Byfjord and partly on a promontory between a fine harbour and the Puddefjord, with its quaint houses of wood and stucco, painted in reds and yellows, its parks, broad open spaces, it is a most attractive spot in which to spend a few days. King Olav founded it in 1070, it was for hundreds of years a Hansa town, with many interesting relics of those days, and it has a fleet of timber ships and fishing smacks which will draw you to the harbour in admiration and keep you there for longer than you imagine.

And now what of the fjords? We will wait in Bergen whilst you make your choice, for there are many to choose from — the Sogne Fjord, the longest and deepest, on which are Balholm, Vik, and Sogndal; the Hardanger Fjord, for Norheimsund, Ulvik, and Eidfjord; the Nordfjord Olden; Romsdal Fjord, Molde; Geiranger Fjord, Merok; Norangs Fjord, Oie; Stor Fjord, Aalesund; Bokn Fjord, Flekke Fjord; and, due east of Stavanger, small, but one of the most beautiful in Norway—the Lyse Fjord.

CRUISING IN THE FJORDS: A view of the sixty-six mile Hardanger Fjord on the west coast of Norway. This famous inlet lies some forty miles from Bergen

There is a very great variety of form and charm amongst these wonderful fjords, carved out in the Ice Ages of the past by the movement of vast glaciers ever descending from the lofty mountains inland to the sea. All are beautiful, stretches of each are magnificent—where they narrow between the mountains and form mighty chasms of which the rocky sides rise sheer up from the still waters almost to the blue, cloud-flecked sky above. No word-painting can possibly convey an adequate idea of the wild grandeur of the fjords, the streams plunging in a torrent of water and foam a-down their heights, the distant views of glacier and snowfield, the patches of dark pine forest, and the fantastic outline of the cliffs from which the fjord track is carved. You must see them and marvel that this world can offer you such amazing beauty.

Some may wish to return by way of Iceland and have a look at that curiously formed island, a mass of igneous rocks, with its snow-capped volcano, its deserts of sand, fields of lava, lakes of ice, and hot springs! That with almost every natural drawback conceivable the Icelanders should have attained to their present high standard in trade and commerce, in government, and, above all, in literature — with their wonderful sagas, links with a golden past—is a marvel!

We leave Bergen homeward bound for Newcastle, calling at Lerwick, in the Shetlands, to have a look at this quaint town, with its narrow streets and old fort, and decide, most certainly, before we land in England, that this, if we can help it, will not be our last cruise.

EIDSFOSS FALL: A show place of the Norwegian Nordfjord. These lovely stretches of inland sea were carved out in the ice ages by the movement of vast glaciers

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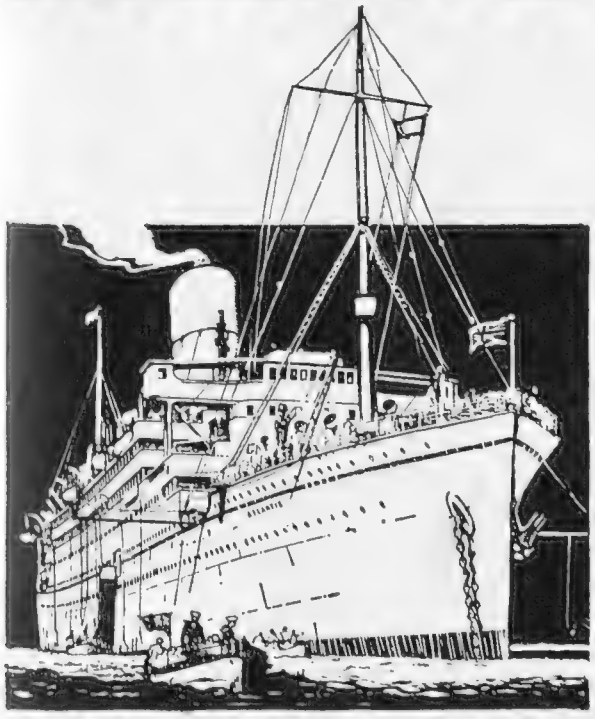

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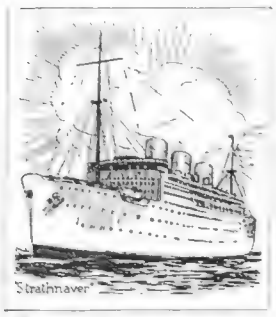
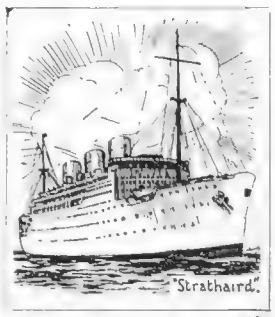

"Strathnaver"

"Viceroy of India"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July 1	13	Corunna, Ceuta, Barcelona, Lisbon	£22	£12
July 15	13	Algiers, Barcelona, Ceuta, Vigo	£22	£12
July 29	13	Corunna, Ceuta, Barcelona, Lisbon	£22	£12

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July 8	13	Ceuta, Casablanca, Teneriffe, Lisbon	£12
July 8	13	Bergen, Stavanger, Zoppot, Hamburg, etc.	£12
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WHERE THE CRU

Detailed Itineraries for

You will have read, on previous pages, a description of the various places you are now enabled to visit in the course of a summer pleasure cruise, and a detailed account of the thoroughly happy days one spends on a pleasure-cruising liner. Here is a comprehensive list of the many tours which have been arranged by the different steamship lines during the coming summer months, from which you can now make your final choice :

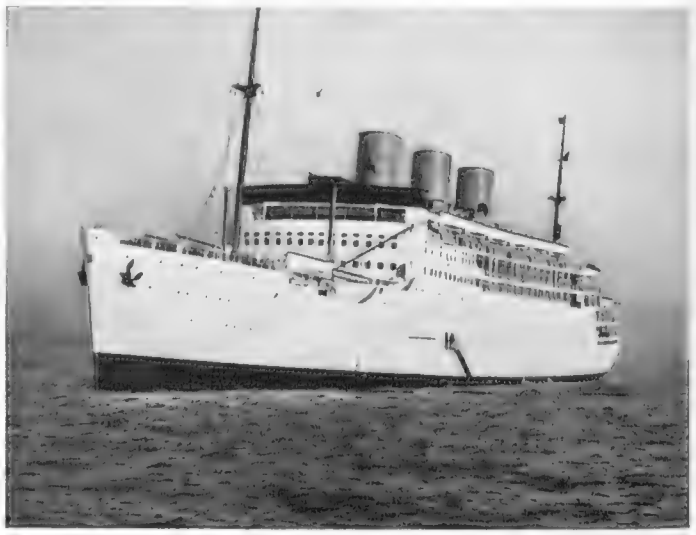
CANADIAN PACIFIC LINERS will figure largely in this summer season's pleasure cruising programme. The itineraries include tours in the Mediterranean, along the Spanish, Portuguese, and North African coasts, to the Norwegian fjords and the Northern capitals. Above is a section of the dining-room on the C.P.R. liner, *Empress of Australia*

CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE.—*Melita*, June 17, all by this liner, from Greenock and Belfast, Gibraltar, Casablanca, Lisbon, Vigo, 12 days; July 1, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Madeira, 12 days; July 15, Malaga, Casablanca, Gibraltar, 12 days; July 29, Santander, 6 days; August 5, Bergen and Norwegian fjords, 12 days; August 19, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Madeira, 12 days; September 2, Gibraltar, Vigo, Lisbon, Casablanca, 12 days; September 16, Lisbon, Malaga, Ceuta, Gibraltar, 12 days. *Montcalm* (16,000 tons), June 17, from Liverpool, Gibraltar, Casablanca, Madeira, Lisbon, 13 days; July 1, from Liverpool, Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algiers, Lisbon, 13 days; July 15, from Liverpool, Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, 13 days; August 5 and August 19, from Liverpool, Gibraltar, Algiers, Barcelona, Ceuta, 13 days. *Montrose* (16,000 tons), July 1, from Southampton, and September 9, from Liverpool, Gibraltar, Algiers, Barcelona, Ceuta, 13 days: *Empress of Australia* (22,000 tons), July 8, from Southampton, Santander, and Corunna, 5 days; July 14, from Southampton and Immingham, Norwegian fjords and North Cape, 14 days; July 29, from Immingham, Norwegian fjords and Northern Capitals, 14 days; September 9, from Southampton, Vigo, Casablanca, Palma, Algiers, Gibraltar, Lisbon, 13 days. *Montclare* (16,000 tons), July 15, from Southampton, Casablanca, Barcelona, Gibraltar, Lisbon, 13 days; July 29, from Southampton, Ceuta, Casablanca, Gibraltar, Lisbon, 13 days.

A PUTTING GAME: A favourite recreation on a Canadian Pacific liner during a summer pleasure cruise. Movement is so slight in these large liners that the game can be played with great accuracy

P. & O. LINE.—*Strathnaver* (22,500 tons), June 17, from London, Ceuta, Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Lisbon, 13 days; July 15, from London, Algiers, Barcelona, Ceuta, Vigo, 13 days; July 29, from London, Corunna, Ceuta, Barcelona, Lisbon, 13 days; August 12, from London, Ceuta, Malta, Venice, Dubrovnik, Kotor, Messina, Gibraltar, to Southampton, 20 days; September 2, from Southampton, Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, Naples, Algiers, 13 days; September 16, from Southampton, Gibraltar, Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Lisbon, to London, 14 days. *Strathaird* (22,500 tons), June 24, from London, Algiers, Naples, Ceuta, 14 days. *Moldavia* (17,000 tons), July 8, from London, Ceuta, Casablanca, Teneriffe, Lisbon, 13 days; July 22, from London, Ceuta, Casablanca, Teneriffe, Corunna, 13 days; August 5, from London, Ceuta, Barcelona, Algiers, Gibraltar, 14 days. *Mongolia* (17,000 tons), from London, June 24, July 8, and July 25, Bergen, Stavangar, Zoppot, Copenhagen, Hamburg, 14 days. *Viceroy of India* (20,000 tons), July 14, from London, Casablanca, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Madeira, Lisbon, 14 days; July 29, from London, Bergen, Oslo, Gothenburg, Zoppot, Tallinn, Stockholm, Visby, Copenhagen, Hamburg, 20 days; August 19, Algiers, Itea, Naples, Monte Carlo, Barcelona, Gibraltar, 21 days.

ORIENT LINE.—*Orontes* (20,000 tons), June 24, from Immingham, Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Christiansund, Norwegian fjords, 13 days; July 8, from Immingham, Oslo, Copenhagen, Bergen, Norwegian fjords, 13 days; July 22, from



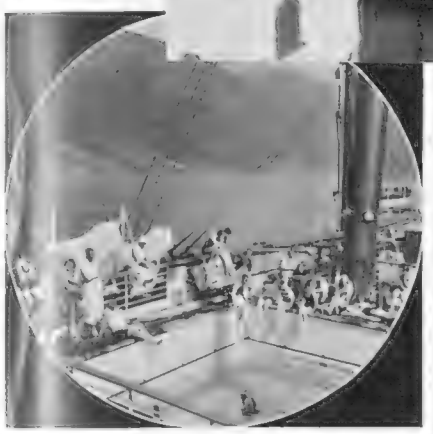
THE POPULAR P. & O. CRUISING LINER, "STRATHAIRD," ENTERING PORT: This fine 22,500-ton vessel is making a 14-day summer cruise on June 24 from London to Algiers, Naples, and Ceuta

ISING LINERS GO

Your Summer Holiday

Immingham, Bergen, Trondhjem, Christiansund, and Norwegian fjords, 13 days; August 5, from Immingham, Hamburg, Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Tallinn (Reval), Helsingfors, Travemünde (for Lubeck), Bergen, and Norwegian fjords, 20 days. *Orama* (20,000 tons), July 1, from Southampton, Gibraltar, Palma, Naples, Messina, Malta, Ceuta, 16 days. *Orford* (20,000 tons), July 1, from Immingham, Bergen, and Norwegian fjords, 13 days; July 15, from Southampton, Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Casablanca, Vigo, 13 days; July 29, from Southampton, Gibraltar,

THE S.S. "ORFORD" AT VENICE: A view of this well-known Orient Line cruising vessel lying at anchor between the island of San Giorgio Maggiore and the Palace of the Doges. The *Orford* is making cruises to the Eastern and Western Mediterranean, Spain, and Portugal, the Atlantic Isles, the Norwegian fjords, and the Northern capitals



ON AN ORIENT CRUISING LINER: A scene in the open-air swimming-bath on a 20,000-ton Orient boat. Sunbathing after the morning dip is a favourite pastime with "pleasure cruisers"

Barcelona, Pollenza Bay, Palma, Iviza, Malaga, Vigo, 13 days; August 12, from Southampton, Vigo, Casablanca, Tangier, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Lisbon, 13 days; August 26, from Southampton, Gibraltar, Phaleron Bay, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Venice, Korcula, Malaga (for Granada), Vigo, 21 days. *Ormonde* (15,000 tons), from London, Gibraltar, Ceuta, Barcelona, Lisbon, 14 days.

ELLERMAN'S WILSON LINE.—*City of Canterbury*, June 24 to September 2 inclusive, six-day cruises, leaving Hull, Christiansund and Oslo. *Calypso*, June 17, and every fortnight afterwards, five ten-day cruises, from London, Copenhagen, Oslo, and Christiansund.

HAMBURG – AMERICAN LINE.—*Oceana*, July 1 and 19, from London, thence to Hamburg, returning to London

THE M.V. "VICTORIA": The Lloyd-Triestino cruising vessel lying at anchor off Genoa. This line operates a weekly cruise service from Genoa and Trieste to the Adriatic and ports in the Eastern and Western Mediterranean. It connects with a special train from Victoria

for all cruises, Norwegian fjords, North Cape, Hammerfest, Bergen, 16 days; August 6, Norwegian fjords, Bergen, Copenhagen, 13 days; August 20, Travemünde, Stockholm, Reval (Tallinn), Helsingfors, Leningrad (Moscow), Riga, Zoppot (Danzig), Copenhagen, 17 days; September 9, Lisbon, Casablanca, Madeira, Canary Isles, Azores, 26 days. *Resolute* (20,000 tons), July 15, Hamburg, Leith (for Edinburgh), Orkneys, Faroe Isles, Iceland, Spitzbergen, Ice Barrier, Hammerfest, North Cape, Trondhjem, Bergen, and Norwegian fjords, 24 days. *Cordillera* (12,300 tons), August 8, Biarritz, Vigo, Lisbon, Tangier, Canary Isles, Madeira, Azores, 23 days.

ANCHOR LINE.—*Britannia* (8,500 tons), June 24, from Glasgow and Belfast to Vigo, Lisbon, Tangier, Gibraltar, Cadiz, 14 days; July 13, from Glasgow and Belfast, Corunna, Funchal, Las Palmas, Casablanca, Gibraltar, Lisbon, 16 days; August 2, from Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool, Malaga, Palma, Monte Carlo, Civita Vecchia, Cadiz, 22 days; August 26, from Glasgow and Liverpool, Lisbon, Malaga, Palma, Tangier, 14 days. *Caledonia* (17,000 tons), July 15, from Glasgow, Oslo, Copenhagen, Zoppot (Danzig), Lerwick, 14 days; August 1, Western Isles (Scotland), Trondhjem and Lerwick, 7 days; August 9, from Glasgow and Belfast, Vigo and Lisbon, 8 days.

LLOYD TRIESTINO.—This line operates a weekly cruise service from Genoa and Trieste, which connects with a special train from Victoria, and thus gives tourists from this country an opportunity of visiting such extremely interesting ports in the Adriatic and Western and Eastern Mediterranean as Naples, Venice, Brindisi, Syracuse (Sicily), Piræus (Athens), Rhodes, Istanbul (Constantinople), Larnaca (Cyprus), Tripoli (Syria), Beirut (Damascus), Haifa, Jaffa (Jerusalem), Alexandria (for Cairo), and Port Said. Leaving from Genoa passengers return to Trieste and *vice versâ*. The sea mileage is 3,904 miles, with 270 hours at sea and 144 hours in port, which divides the time very pleasantly and provides a very enjoyable tour.

(*Cont. on p.* 342)

The Mediterranean
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ROYAL MAIL LINE. — *Atlantis* (16,000 tons), June 17, from Southampton, Lisbon, Tangier, Barcelona, Iviza (Balearic Islands), Algiers, Gibraltar, 14 days; July 7, from Southampton, Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Zoppot (for Danzig), Kiel Canal, Hamburg, returning to London, 13 days; July 21, from London, Leon, Bergen, and Norwegian fjords, 7 days; July 29, from London, Leith, Iceland (Reykjavik and Akureyri), Jan Mayen Island, Spitzbergen, Bera Island, North Cape, Hammerfest, Tromso, Trondhjem, Bergen, and Norwegian fjords, 19 days; August 18, from London, Leith, Oslo, Copenhagen, Tallinn, Stockholm, Zoppot (for Danzig), Kiel Canal, Hamburg, returning to Southampton, 15 days; September 6, from Southampton to Lisbon, Palma, Istanbul (Constantinople), Gallipoli (for Cape Helles, Anzac Bay, Suvla Bay), Phaleron Bay (for Athens), Algiers, Gibraltar, 23 days.

BLUE STAR LINE. — *Arandora Star* (15,000 tons), July 1, from Immingham, Norwegian fjords, Bergen, Oslo, Arendal, Christiansund, Copenhagen, 13 days; July 15, from Immingham and Leith, Iceland, land of the midnight sun, Spitzbergen, North Cape, Hammerfest, Trondhjem, and Norwegian fjords, 20 days; August 5, from Immingham, Norwegian fjords, and Bergen, 13 days; August 19, from Immingham, Bergen, Christiansund, Arendal, Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Tallinn, Riga, Zoppot (Danzig), Kiel Canal, Hamburg, Rotterdam, returning to Southampton, 20 days; September 13, from Southampton, Lisbon, Malaga, Palermo, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Brioni, Venice, Corfu, Palma, 22 days.

CUNARD LINE.—*Carinthia*, August 12, from Southampton, Lisbon, Palma, Palermo, passing Stromboli, Naples, Villefranche, Gibraltar, 18 days. *Lancastria* (17,000 tons), June 24, from Liverpool, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Palma, Algiers, Ceuta, Vigo, returning to Southampton, 13 days; July 8, from Southampton, Bergen, and Norwegian fjords, Rotterdam, returning to London, 13 days; July 22, from London, Copenhagen, Oslo, Norwegian fjords, returning to Liverpool, 13 days; August 5, from Liverpool, Santander, and Corunna, 6 days; August 12, from Liverpool, Bergen, and Norwegian fjords, 13 days; August 26, from Liverpool, Casablanca, Malaga, Gibraltar, Lisbon, 10 days; September 9, from Liverpool, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Palma, Algiers, 13 days. *Samaria* (28,700 tons), July 29, from London, Lisbon, Tangier, Cadiz, Vigo, 10 days; September 2, from London, Tangier, Gibraltar, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Madeira, 13 days; September 16, Ceuta, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Madeira.

YEOWARD LINE.—*Aguila*, June 17, July 1 and 15, from Liverpool, Santander, Lisbon, Corunna, 11 days; July 29, from Liverpool, Santander, Vigo, Gibraltar, Tangier, Casablanca, 17 days; August 18, from Liverpool, Madeira, Canary Isles, Casablanca, 18 days; September 9, from Liverpool, Corunna, Lisbon, Santander, 11 days. *Alca*, June 24 and July 8, from

THE S.S. "ATLANTIS": The large cruising *Atlantis* is going this season to the Baltic ports, the Northern capitals, the

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AT THE RACES: There is no lack of excitement aboard a Cunard cruising liner as this illustration plainly shows. The occasion is a race meeting, always a popular event

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Liverpool, Santander, Lisbon, Corunna, 11 days; July 22, from Liverpool, Corunna, Lisbon, Casablanca, Madeira, Canary Isles, 22 days; August 19, September 2 and September 16, from Liverpool, Santander, Lisbon, Corunna, 11 days. *Alondra*, from Liverpool, June 23, July 14, and September 1, Madeira, Canary Isles, 17 days; August 5, from Liverpool, Corunna, Lisbon, Casablanca, Madeira, Canary Isles, 22 days. *Ardeola*, June 30, July 21, and September 8, from Liverpool, Madeira, Canary Isles, 17 days; August 12, from Liverpool, Corunna, Lisbon, Casablanca, Madeira, Canary Isles, 22 days. *Avoceta*, July 7, August 25, and September 15, from Liverpool, Madeira, Canary Isles, 17 days; July 29, from Liverpool, Corunna, Lisbon, Casablanca, Madeira, Canary Isles, 22 days.

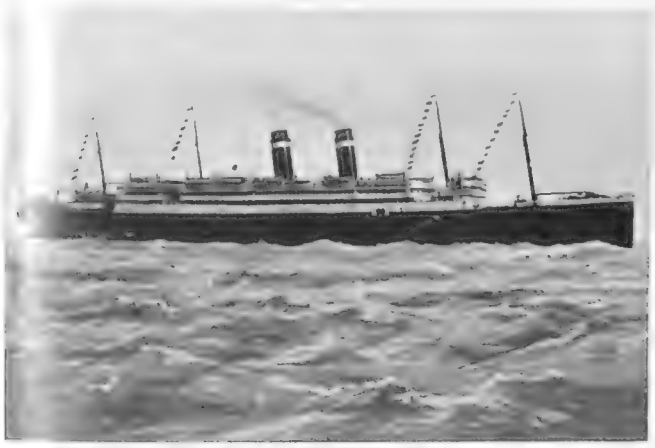
vessel of the Royal Mail Line in port. The Mediterranean, the North African coast, the Norwegian fjords, Iceland, and Spitzbergen

HAMBURG SOUTH - AMERICAN LINE. — *Monte Rosa* (14,000 tons), June 30 (all cruises from London to Hamburg, returning to London), Norwegian fjords, Bergen, Hammerfest, North Cape, Lofoten Isles, 16 days; July 16, Bergen and Norwegian fjords, 10 days. *Monte Pascoal* (14,000 tons), July 8, Madeira, Teneriffe, Casablanca, Ceuta, Cadiz, Lisbon, Vigo Bay, 23 days; July 31, Bergen, Tromso, Spitzbergen, Ice Barrier, North Cape, Hammerfest, and Norwegian fjords, 22 days.

LAMPORT AND HOLT LINE.— *Voltaire* (13,000 tons), June 24, from Liverpool, Lisbon, Madeira, Casablanca, Vigo, 13 days; July 8, Vigo, Malaga, Palma, Ceuta, 13 days; July 22, Lisbon, Madeira, Casablanca, Vigo, 13 days; August 5, Vigo, Malaga, Palma, Ceuta, 13 days; August 19, Lisbon, Madeira, Casablanca, Vigo, 13 days; September 2, Vigo, Malaga, Algiers, Ceuta, 13 days; September 16, Lisbon, Madeira, Casablanca, Vigo, 13 days.

ATL TIS": The "Lido," a e d where passengers can ein e and as they please

RED STAR LINE. — *Lapland* (18,800 tons), June 17, from London, Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Azores, 14 days; July 8, from London, Malaga (for Granada), Palma, Barcelona, Ceuta, 13 days; July 22, from London, Cadiz, Barcelona, Palma, Algiers, 13 days; August 5, from London, Leith, Bergen, Norwegian fjords, 14 days; August 26, from London, Monte Carlo, Civitavecchia (for Rome), Naples, Malta, Tunis (for Carthage), 19 days; September 16, from London, Palma, Barcelona, Malaga (for Granada), Tangier, Vigo, 14 days. *Belgenland* (27,000 tons), July 29, from London, Monte Carlo, Civitavecchia (for Rome), Naples, Malta, Tunis (for Carthage), 19 days; August 19, from London, Monte Carlo, Civitavecchia, Naples, Malta, Tunis, 19 days; September 9, from London, Civitavecchia, Naples, Ceuta, N. Africa, Vigo, Spain, 14 days.



S.S. *LAPLAND:* The 18,800-ton Red Star cruising liner which will visit this summer the Mediterranean, the coasts of Spain and Portugal, the Atlantic Islands, and the fjords

BOOTH LINE.—*Hilary* (7,500 tons), August 8, from Liverpool, Oporto, Lisbon, Madeira, Para, Manaos — the Amazon cruise 50 days.

(*Continued on p. 344*)

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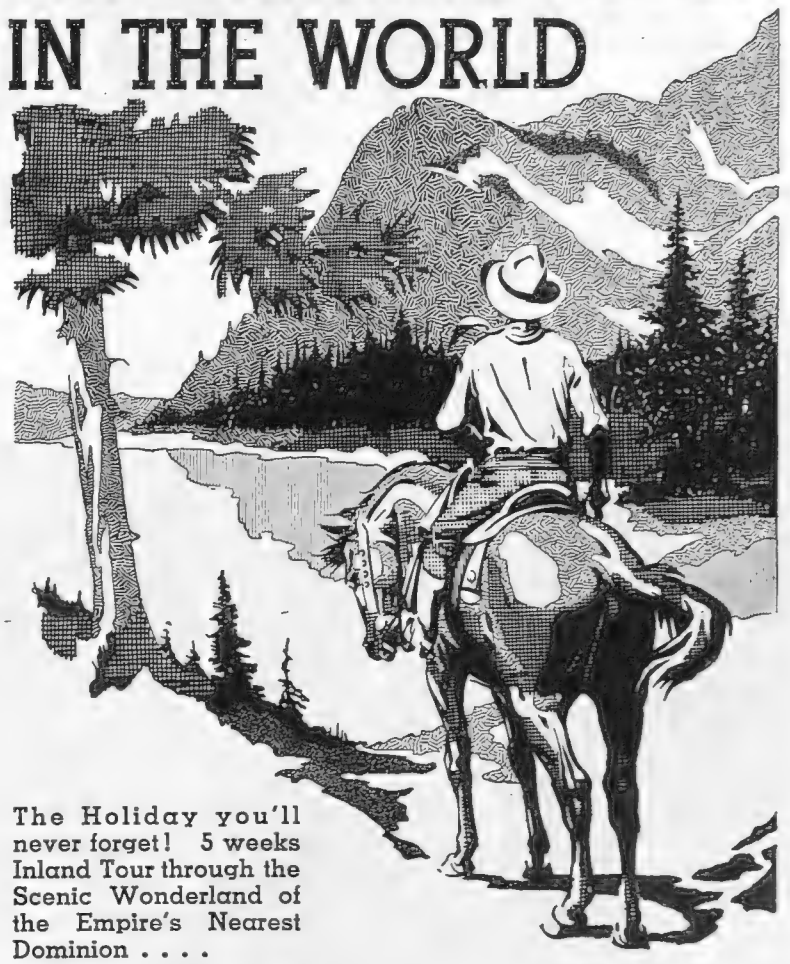

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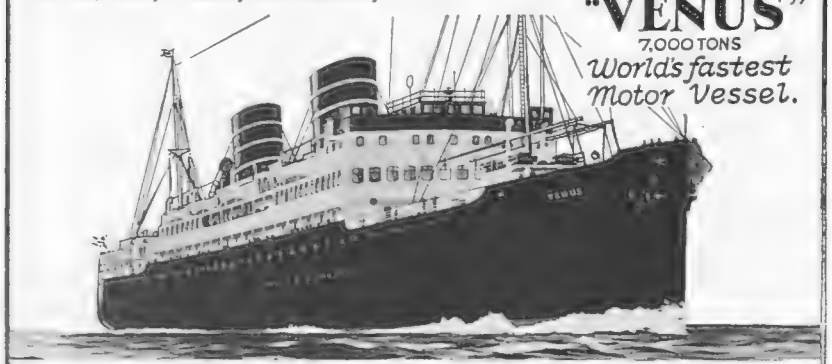

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WHERE THE CRU

Further Details of Summer Itineraries

WHITE STAR LINE.—*Doric* (16,500 tons), June 17, from Liverpool, Gibraltar, Malaga, Ceuta, Lisbon, 12 days; July 1, from Liverpool, Corunna, Lisbon, Casablanca, Gibraltar, 12 days; July 15, from Liverpool, Madeira, Lisbon, Corunna, 12 days; July 29, from Liverpool, round Britain and to Norwegian fjords, 14 days; August 16 (Scholars' Cruise), from Immingham to Northern Capitals and Baltic ports, 13 days; September 2, from Southampton (National Tours), Mediterranean, Portugal, N. Africa, Balearic Isles, 13 days; September 16, from Southampton, Lisbon, Madeira, Casablanca, Gibraltar, 14 days. *Homeric* (35,000 tons), June 21, from Southampton, Mediterranean, Spain, N. Africa, Riviera, Balearic Isles, 14 days; July 8, from Southampton, Spain, Portugal, N. Africa, Balearic Isles, 14 days; July 26, from Southampton, Spain, N. Africa, Riviera, Balearic Isles, 14 days; August 12, from Southampton, Madeira, Canary Isles, Morocco, Gibraltar, 14 days; August 30, from Southampton, Spain, Portugal, N. Africa, Balearic Isles, 14 days; September 16, from Southampton, Spain, N. Africa, Riviera, Balearic Isles, 14 days. *Adriatic* (25,000 tons), August 5, from Liverpool, Madeira, Lisbon, Corunna, 12 days; August 19, from Liverpool, Madeira, Spain, Portugal, 12 days. *Calgaric*, August 3, from Liverpool, Corunna, Santander, 8 days. *Laurentic*, from Liverpool, July 15, and Greenock, July 16, round Britain to Norwegian fjords, 13 days; July 29, from Immingham, Northern Capitals and Baltic ports, returning Southampton and Liverpool, 15 days.

DECK SPORTS: A game of shuffle-board on the White Star liner, *Homeric*

B. & N. LINE.—*Meteor* (4,000 tons), June 17, from Newcastle, Norwegian fjords, returning from Bergen by *Venus*, 6 days, combined cruise and tour, or including Oslo and returning from Bergen by *Jupiter*, 9 days, or including Oslo, and returning by *Venus*, 10 days; July 15, from Newcastle to Norwegian fjords, 14 days; July 29, from Newcastle, Norwegian fjords, 13 days; August 12, from Newcastle, Norwegian fjords, 13 days; August 26, from Newcastle, Bergen and Norwegian fjords, 7 days; September 2, from Newcastle, Norwegian fjords, 7 days; September 9, from Newcastle, Christiansund, Arendal, Oslo, Copenhagen, and Kiel Canal, returning to Harwich, 8 days. *Prince Olav* (2,500 tons), June 26, from Edinburgh, Leith Dock, Norwegian fjords, 13 days; July 8 and 22, from Leith, Norwegian fjords, and North Cape, 13 days; August 5 from Leith, Norwegian fjords, 7 days. Also cruising August 13, 13 days, and August 26, 13 days. *Stella Polaris* (6,000 tons), June 29, from Harwich to Oslo, thence by train to Voss, motor to Ulvik, fjord steamer to Norheimsund, motor to Bergen, returning to Newcastle by *Venus*, 7 days' combined cruise and tour; July 4, from Newcastle by *Venus* to Bergen, thence motor to Norheimsund, fjord steamer to Ulvik and Eidfjord, motor to Haugastol, train to Geilo and Oslo, embark on *Stella Polaris* to Harwich, 9 days' combined cruise and tour. Also cruises on July 14, July 29, August 19, and September 9.

THE S.S. "HILARY": The fine new Booth Line steamer which makes a pleasure cruise to, and up, the Amazon by way of Oporto, Lisbon, and Madeira. The *Hilary* is shown in this picture at one of her ports of call on the Amazon

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ISING LINERS GO

The Pleasures of Summer Cruising

It is not at all difficult to understand the popularity of the summer pleasure cruise. You have only to make its acquaintance to fall for it on a second and, indeed, on many a subsequent occasion. You had no idea that it was possible to combine so many advantages for a summer holiday. In the first place, once you step aboard your "pleasure cruiser," all your troubles are at an end as regards accommodation. You will find yourself ensconced in a perfect little "home from home," for that is what the cabins are on a modern British pleasure-cruising vessel. It is when you have been ashore at your first port of call that you will realize the great advantage of ship-board life. You will have revelled in the strange sights, the varied scenery, and the quaint customs of the people, and possibly you will have made quite a few purchases, and you will undoubtedly have made yourself reasonably tired—with a whole day of more or less constant movement in the open air. And then what happens?

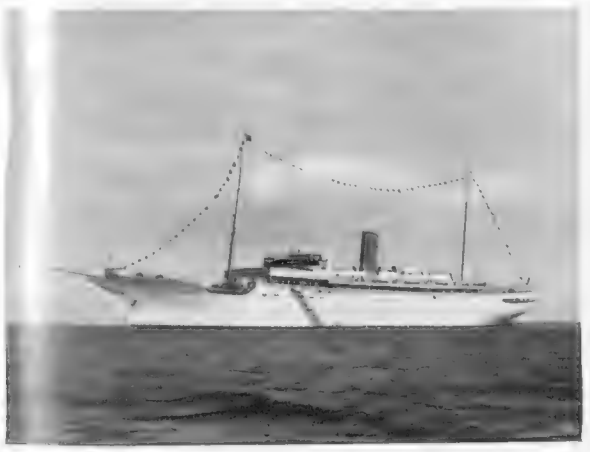
THE S.S. "HOMERIC": The graceful lines of one of the White Star's most luxurious vessels

You are to move on to a new place, but with what ease you accomplish it. There is no rushing off to your hotel, hurriedly packing your belongings, and then a tiring railway journey, with the fag of settling down into another hotel, in another city, late at night, or some time on the following day. No, you just drive down to the landing-quay, where a smart launch from your ship awaits you, you step into it, and are whirled off to your steamer lying out in the bay.

It is all so delightfully easy that you can scarcely imagine you have had an enchanting day, in a most interesting foreign port, and are now on your way to another one. You begin to feel very self-contained, with all that you need for a perfect summer holiday about you. Here you are in a lofty, domed, luxuriously-furnished dining-room, with perfect appointments, sitting down to an exquisite meal, in quality and service comparable with any served in a first-class hotel ashore, at your own small table, with one or two of your friends, and so smooth is the surface of the summer sea that it is difficult, indeed, to discover any sign of motion, you might be dining in the Ritz or the Carlton in London!

Throughout the day, on those days spent wholly at sea, you will find ample to do in the way of recreation. If you wish to take things leisurely, you can indulge in sun-bathing on the special section of the deck devoted to that very agreeable pursuit, or you can take a deck-chair and a thrilling novel and find a quiet spot in which to enjoy it with, possibly, a delightful little snooze thrown in. And if you want to engage in something more exciting, then there are deck tennis, deck quoits, shuffle-board, and deck golf to provide you with all the fun and exercise combined you wish for.

So here is your fun all about you, and with no extra charge for any of it; moreover, you soon make many friends and have an added enjoyment in joining in with them, and when the time comes for a shore trip, you make up pleasant little combinations, and take your pleasure ashore with those whose company you have found so interesting on ship-board. Small wonder that it grips you, and you wonder why you didn't go pleasure-cruising long ago.



"STELLA POLARIS": This pleasure cruiser with the lines of a yacht engages in round-the-world as well as short tours. This summer she will include in her visits the Mediterranean, the Atlantic Islands, Spain and Portugal, the Northern Capitals and the Fjords

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AUG. 30. To Spain, Portugal, N. Africa and Balearic Isles.
SEPT. 16. To Spain, N. Africa, Riviera and Balearic Isles.
OCT. 4. To Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Portugal.
***OCT. 21.** To Spain, Portugal, Italy, N. Africa, Balearic Isles.
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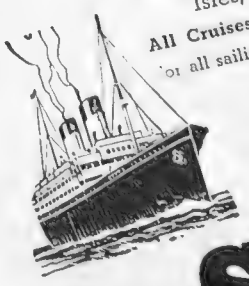

WHITE STAR

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THROUGH BEAUTIFUL NORWAY

By Road and Rail

ON THE OSLO–TRONDHJEM RAILWAY: Gudbrandsdal, the lovely valley at Ringebu in Central Norway

How often tourists cruising in the glorious days of a northern summer on the peaceful waters of a Norwegian fjord, entranced with the magnificent scenery of the mountains, must have wondered what lies beyond these mighty, snow-capped barriers. Could they fly, with the aid of a friendly aeroplane, over the ramparts about them, they would be astounded at the scene of beauty revealed. For Norway is not only a land of fjords, it has a wonderful hinterland—of green valleys nestling between mountain heights, of undulating uplands, where smiling fields of grain, richly-clothed fields of pasture, and orchards teeming with fruit alternate with forest groves, and of broad rivers where salmon leap in the narrows among rocky rapids.

This is the fair land of Norway that lies open to you by rail and by road, and if you wish for a thoroughly delightful holiday you will make straightway for Oslo or Bergen by one of the splendidly equipped vessels of the B. and N. Line, and then either in your own car, or one that can be hired, along excellent roads, or over any of the lines of the Norwegian State Railways—which has some of the finest rolling-stock in the world, and provides you with luxurious observation cars with specially large windows, that you shall miss nothing of the marvellous scenery—you will proceed to explore the Land of the Vikings.

THE RUGGED PEAK of Mount Romsdalshorn where it towers above the Romsdal valley

Your choice of routes is a rich one, for, if you make Oslo your centre, you will find railway lines radiating therefrom in all directions, and either by one line or another you will be enabled to visit districts embodying every variety of scenery Norway has to offer. Moreover, arrangements are made whereby combined rail and road trips can be undertaken, and in this manner you can reach out-of-the-way places where life proceeds on old-fashioned and picturesque lines and you are far, far indeed from the madding crowd.

Thus you may travel down the glorious Romsdal, Hallingdal, Gudbrandsdal, or any other of the great valleys of the interior which wind their way amongst the mountains, rich with pastures fed by streams plunging downwards from the snows, gay with wild flowers and with a wealth of woodland. Here you will see the real peasant life of the country—in the Hallingdal peasants still wear the very attractive national costume, and here too they have preserved many of the quaint customs of the past.

If you are fond of hiking, you can go by rail from Oslo to within an easy walking distance of the marvellous mountain region known as the Jotunheimen—the Home of the Giants—where you can wander through a wonderland of snowy peaks, awe-inspiring precipices, mighty glaciers and great canyons, dream of Thor and of Odin, and catch the spirit of the Sagas! Nor need you have any fear that this will involve hardship or prove too expensive. Scattered amongst the mountains are huts and chalets under the auspices of the Norwegian Tourist Association in which, for a modest charge, you will obtain a comfortable night's lodging and good substantial fare, and the trails between are so well marked and graded that, unless you wish to climb difficult peaks and cross glaciers, you can even dispense with the services of a guide.

An easier way of seeing the magnificent mountain scenery of Norway is to take a trip over the Bergen-Oslo railway, one of the world's engineering masterpieces, and which climbs by fjord and river round steep hill-side and through wild forest to the region of barren wastes high above the snow line and gives you a glimpse at Finse, 4,000 ft. above sea-level, of the great playground amidst the snows where Norway indulges in one of the great national pastimes—that of winter sports.

But wherever you go, amongst the mountains and the valleys, or on the plains, whether as an artist, to revel in the beauty of the countryside and to transfer your vision of it to canvas, as a student of the interesting manners and customs of the people, or as a sportsman to fish in the well-stocked rivers and streams, everywhere you will find the heartiest of welcomes from a people whose ancestors mixed their blood freely with our own, and who regard us not as strangers, but as distant kith and kin from a land across the sea!

Edward E. Long

RED STAR LINE

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Made specially to prevent sore throats

PANORAMA of SWEDEN

A Scandinavian Inland Voyage

SALTSJÖBADEN: A lovely Swedish archipelago resort

First impressions have a greater importance than the tourist often realizes. Experienced travellers will always be found to emphasize the importance of a right approach—whether it be a town, a lake, a range of mountains, or to a country in general. If their advice is disregarded—as it is only too often—the fault rests with the almost fatal ease of communication to-day. It is possible, for instance, for the visitor to Sweden to reach Stockholm from the west coast port of Gothenburg in six hours by electric express. Now no one would be so foolish as to deny either the value or the thrill of a fast run of this kind. At times speed is essential; and for many there are few greater pleasures than the exhilarating motion of an express train—particularly, perhaps, when the country rushing past is unknown, when the conversations in the carriage, the very fittings of the train, are strange, and so tinged with a glow of romance. Often, of course—only too often—a country cannot offer any satisfactory alternative to this. The car and the aeroplane have their uses, yet both miss the ideal in much the same way as the train; the sea, though providing an entrance of supreme beauty to Stockholm, is not equally attractive to all, and few are able or willing to walk.

That, for most countries, completes the list. One of these methods of travel must be selected. But Sweden and those who visit it are more fortunate. There is another way of approaching the country. All save those with little time are able to use this method of approach.

SWEDEN IN SUMMER: A vessel passing through a narrow stretch of the tree-lined Gota Canal

The Gota Canal is not, as its name implies, an artificial waterway across Sweden. If that were the case it would scarcely have achieved its present popularity. The artificial parts of the "canal" form as a fact only one-third of its 350 mile length; they are used only as a means to link into a continuous waterway across the width of the land, the rivers, lakes, and archipelagoes in which Sweden is so rich. So thorough has been the work of the engineers that even the moat of a renaissance castle has been bent to the service of the canal *en route*. The advantages of the Gota Canal to the newcomer to Sweden are manifest at a glance. By stepping on board one of these little steamers it is possible, from the depths of an armchair on deck, to watch the panorama of Sweden drifting unhurriedly by. Few, if any, sections of this beautiful northern land are more typical, both of Sweden's scenic and architectural glories and of her variety, than the belt of country through which the Gota Canal steamers take their leisurely way. The great falls and power-station of Trollhatten, Lake Vanern (third largest in Europe), the forest country, Vadstena Castle, the "staircase" locks of Berg, Vreta Abbey, final resting place of Swedish kings, Malaren, lake of 1,300 islands.

Fares on the Gota Canal cruise are less than usual at present owing to the favourable rate of exchange. Thus it is now possible to take the liner from Tilbury to Gothenburg, Gota Canal steamer to Stockholm, spend three or four days in the capital, and return by train and Swedish Lloyd liner for a total sum of only about £20; and this figure includes 1st class travel on the ships with all meals, hotel accommodation, and 2nd class travel in the Stockholm-Gothenburg express.

PANORAMA: An aerial view of the Stockholm archipelago, noted for its fishing villages and seaside resorts

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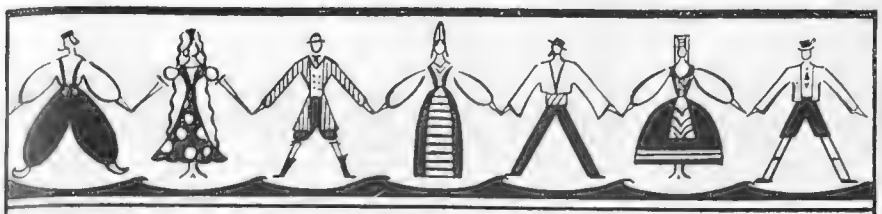

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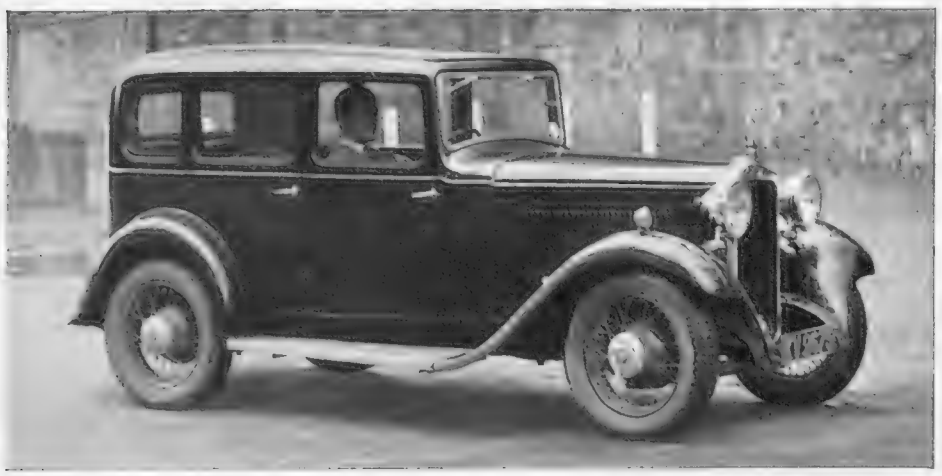
The PETROL World

The HUMBER TWELVE

The Report of a Trial Run in the Latest Addition to the Humber Range of Models

By A. PERCY BRADLEY



AN INTRIGUING NEW MODEL: The Humber Twelve 4-cylinder Saloon which is reviewed in the accompanying article. This car will especially appeal to the motorist who prefers a light car and appreciates the famous Humber workmanship

THE NEW HUMBER.—I have recently tried one of the Twelve Humbers, which is the latest addition to the Humber range. Unlike the other three Humbers, the Twelve has a 4-cylinder engine and is just over one-and-a-half litres in capacity. It has not been on the market very long, and although I do not pretend to know why it has taken some considerable time to appear I should not be surprised if I were told that the delay was due to making certain that the car was well up to Humber reputation and if anything even above it. The car was shown at the last Olympia Exhibition, but it is only now that production has really started.

Frankly, I was quite amazed at the performance of the car which, first of all, behaves and runs as if it possessed a 6-cylinder engine. It has a pleasant appearance and is nicely appointed inside, there being nothing cheap or skimpy in its finish. To start with, the engine, as I hinted, is remarkably smooth. It never appears to become fussy, and I was unable to trace any sign of periodic vibration in the whole range of its revolutions. It is an easy starter, and it takes very little time before it pulls properly, and not in that half-hearted manner which is usually a characteristic of a semi-cooled engine.

When I took delivery of the car I must say I was inwardly amused to find that the speedometer provided registered up to 80 m.p.h. Looking at the size of the car and the comparatively small 4-cylinder engine I thought it was a case of optimism to the *n*th degree. Later on, when the opportunity presented itself, I let the car have its rein round the Byfleet banking at Brooklands and found that the speedometer was registering 72 m. p. h. ! I don't think that the speedometer was farther away from the truth than the average instrument, and as I see that the manufacturers claim a genuine maximum speed of 67 m.p.h. I should say that they were not extravagant in their suggestion. The car is also good on hills, and the gear-box as a result has not to be used unduly. When changes do become necessary or desirable, going up or down through the gear-box is quite a pleasant and easy task.

SUSPENSION AND STEERING.—On the road the car is really pleasant to handle, and as a saloon it does its speeding with remarkable steadiness. The suspension is excellent, and it has been designed so that it combines flexibility with rigidity inasmuch as it eliminates road shocks from the occupants and yet does not produce bouncing or rolling. The steering is light, sensitive, and the lock allows the car to be turned in a very reasonable space.

Cornering was surprisingly certain, and the car stuck to its course without any apparent tendency to deviate. The brakes played their part well, and the operating mechanism allows one to apply them with just that nicety of control that makes such a difference.

On looking through the specification of the car I find that the engine has ordinary side-by-side valves, so that the power it gives off and its acceleration are all the more remarkable. Forty-four brake horse-power is given off by the engine when turning over at 3,800 revolutions per minute; these figures indicate that the designer has produced a power-giver of real efficiency, so that when I read further on that the car will accelerate on top gear from 10 to 38 m.p.h. in 12 sec. I was not surprised.

The car which I drove was a saloon, painted in a very pleasing shade of blue, the upholstery being coloured to match. Although compact, the dimensions allowed the occupants to have plenty of room even when the full complement was carried. The whole look of the car is so modelled as to give an impression of fair size, yet in reality its outside dimensions have been kept as small as possible, though ample enough to give comfortable accommodation inside.

INTERIOR ACCESSORIES.—The equipment of the car is as complete as could be desired. Chromium-plated fittings are used both inside and outside, Triplex glass appears not only in the windscreen, but right round the car. There are electric cigar lighters, driving mirror, ashtrays, double windscreen wipers, in fact every article is provided that could within reason be incorporated in a standard specification. All the accessories are of good quality and made by firms of real repute. There is nothing cheap or shoddy either inside or outside the car. In other words, it is a real true member of the Humber family and lives well up to what every motorist understands by that one word "Humber."

(Cont. on p. 352)

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the HUMBER TWELVE

Engine—4-Cylinder.
Bore and Stroke—69·5 mm. and 110 mm.
Capacity—1,669.
Carburettor—Stromberg.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and Reverse.
Transmission—Open Shaft and Spiral Bevels.
Suspension — Silent-bloc Shackles, Semi-elliptic Springs, Luvax Shock Absorbers.
Brakes — Bendix Duo-Servo.
Steering—Marles-Weller.
Petrol System — 10-Gal. Tank, Auto-pump Feed.
Price—(Saloon) £265.

Makers:
HUMBER, LIMITED, COVENTRY

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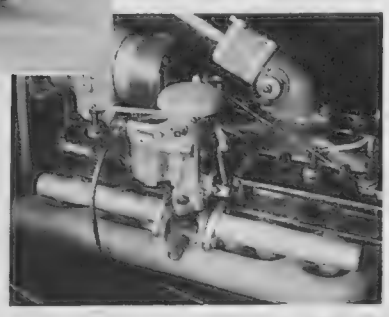
The PETROL WORLD (continued)



AN ADDITION TO THE AUSTIN RANGE: The new Austin Twelve-Six sports tourer which is designed with a special dropped chassis with very sturdy cross-members. The engine (inset on right), with a high-compression ratio, is fitted with a new manifold and a down-draught carburettor

ESSOLUBE.—Everyone has heard quite a lot about hydrogenated oil since its recent introduction by the Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd. My first impression when I heard about this new lubricant was that it differed from ordinary lubricating oil in much the same way as soda water does from ordinary water. In other words, I pictured to myself an oil full of bubbles. Having got thus far with my mental painting I began to ask myself why should my engine have bubbly oil instead of still oil? Not being a chemist I was not frightfully interested to learn that this new lubricant was produced by subjecting oil to terrific pressures and amazing temperatures so that it would say, as it were, "How do you do?" to a jar full of hydrogen. Again, I am afraid I was not terribly impressed by the fact that the process of hydrogenation as applied to the refining of petroleum had taken six years to develop and had cost £6,000,000. What I really wanted to know was why I should buy this new oil, which is called Essolube, rather than any other oil. Apparently the reason is quite a simple one, and here it is as told to me by the marketers of the brand in question.

There are five distinct qualities that every lubricating oil to be used in an internal combustion engine should possess. I do not think that the ordinary motorist is really interested in knowing what these five qualities are, but suffice it to say that according to the suppliers in question no natural lubricating oil has the whole five in the proportion that is really desirable. The producers of Essolube claim that their product has all five in a better proportion than is possible with what I would call an untreated oil, and that is the reason why they suggest to us that we should use it. At the present moment it is stated that the process of hydrogenation is the only means whereby a lubricating oil can be produced having all these five points in the desired proportions.

A NEW SPORTS TOURER.—The Austin Company have recently announced a new fast touring model which has been evolved from their well-known Twelve-Six chassis. In appearance the new model is very sporty, yet when the car is examined it is found that appearance has not been gained by sacrificing comfort. Basically the 6-cylinder engine is the same as on the ordinary standard Twelve-Six Austin, but, of course, certain modifications have been made including specially designed induction and exhaust manifolds, whilst a Zenith down-draught carburettor is fitted. The compression ratio has been raised to 7 to 1, and a special camshaft gives the valves a greater lift. The chassis has a close ratio gear-box, but apart from this the unit includes twin-top gears as are found on the Standard car. Stability is obtained by using a special frame which combines a low body mounting position with great rigidity. There are several other interesting points about this sports model which make it very attractive, and it is gratifying to know that it has already met with a very hearty reception. One cannot help but note that the introduction of this new sports model coincides with the re-entry of the Austin Motor Company in the racing world.

STANDARD CARS IN MAYFAIR.—For a number of years the well-known firm of Car Mart Limited have been handling Standard cars in London and the Home Counties. Although this well-known firm of distributors have several establishments they found that the ever-increasing popularity of Standard cars was becoming almost embarrassing so long as the business had to be handled in depots where other makes of cars were similarly dealt with. Even in these so-called hard times the directors of Car Mart considered that the great increase in their business made it politic for them to open new showrooms and offices where Standard cars could be dealt with exclusively. This decision was translated into an actual fact quite recently and I had the pleasure of inspecting the new premises in Davies Street, Mayfair. They are eminently suitable for motor showrooms, and the office accommodation is pleasant and in thorough keeping with the high-class business that has always been associated with the firm of Car Mart Limited. Major Maude, one of the directors, is in personal charge, and I am told that the opening of this new exclusive Standard depot has already increased business very satisfactorily.

LADY HAMILTON GRANT in the grounds of her home with her new 14-h.p. 6-cylinder Singer saloon. This particular model, which has proved so popular, made its first appearance at Olympia last year

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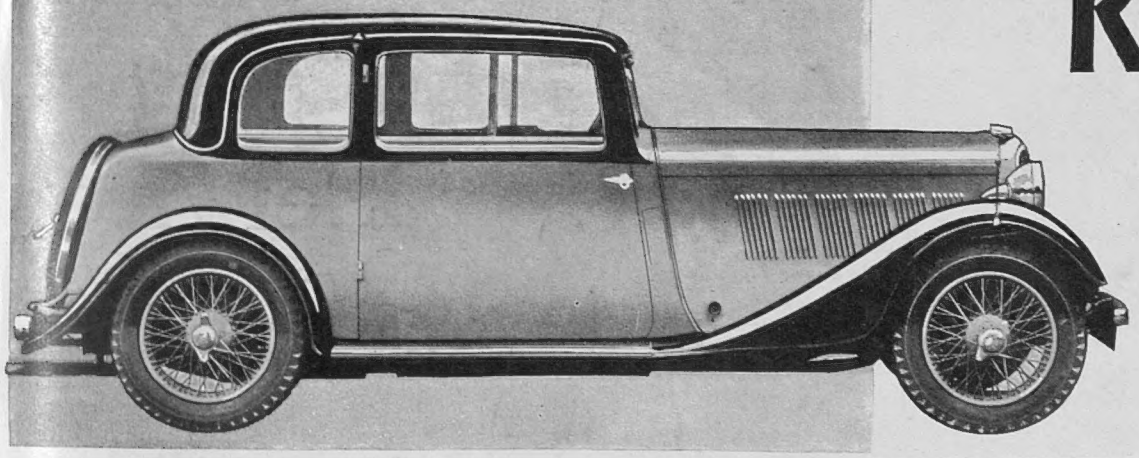

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"The Scribe" in the Autocar—31.3.33.

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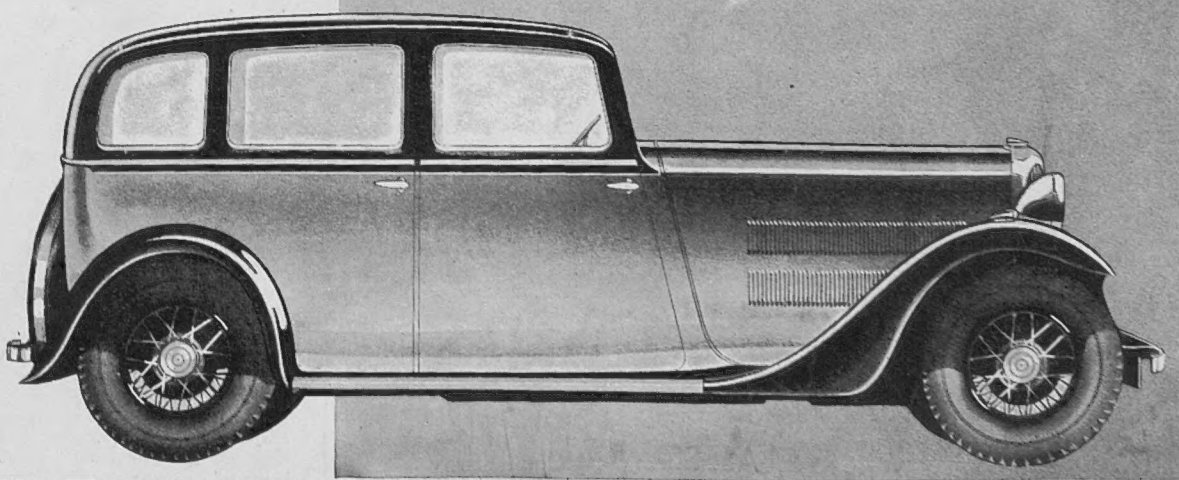

10/25 from	£195	Meteor 16	£395
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The ROVER CO. Ltd., COVENTRY

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EVS—46

THE THREAT to . . . COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

Some Notes on this Notable Historic Site

Though by no means the oldest theatre in London, Covent Garden Theatre as a site is of considerable antiquity. In 1732, John Rich opened the original theatre with a performance of Congreve's *Way of the World*. John Rich was a rough, ill-educated type of man, but with a flair for theatrical management, quick at discovering the makings of an actor. He had had a great success with his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where his pantomimes were famous, his own performance as harlequin being outstandingly good. The building of the new theatre "on a parcel of ground contiguous to Bow Street and Hart Street and Covent Garden" was regarded with great interest. All the fine ladies of town used to take the opportunity of driving round, after their shopping, to see how it was progressing, and incidentally to meet and chatter with their friends who had gathered for the same purpose. Hogarth's drawing, "Rich's glory on his triumphant entry into Covent Garden," shows one entrance under an Ionic archway at the eastern end of the Piazza, which was then a distinguishing feature of Covent Garden.

Rich's theatre lasted until 1808, when a terrific fire, the usual fate of theatres, completely destroyed it almost ruining John Kemble and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, who were then in management. Through the generosity of the Duke of Northumberland, who put up no less than £10,000, the new theatre was speedily erected, the architect being Robert Smirke, who selected the Parthenon as his model. On the day when the foundation stone was laid the Duke, with a magnificent gesture, burned Kemble's I O U.

This second theatre lasted for forty-seven years, when another fire broke out during a masked ball in March, 1856, and the third and present theatre was built.

No critical report of plays appeared in the newspapers until early in the nineteenth century when Leigh Hunt began to write. Before that time only advertisements of the plays were permitted, and indeed as late as Delane's time that great editor told his dramatic critic that "*The Times* was not the place for discussing such trivial matters as the merits or demerits of plays."

The question of the first introduction of stalls in the theatre has recently been discussed, and more or less definitely settled through the playbills which can be seen in the Gabrielle Enthoven collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum and in the British Museum. The first reference seems to have been at the Haymarket in 1829, while the Royal Coburg in 1831, when they had the great draw of Edmund Kean advertised that "a portion of the pit will be fitted up with stalls (4s. each) as at the opera, thus enabling the ladies and gentlemen to be nearer the great tragedian than when in the boxes." The following year, 1832, Covent Garden had stalls in the orchestra priced a guinea each.

While there is no proof that the stalls were always available from their first use in 1829, it seems pretty evident that they became more and more popular, though some users of the pit objected to their best seats being filched from them. From one advertisement we find that "the stalls are parted with elbows and numbered."

Since the middle of last century great actors ceased to walk upon the stage of Covent Garden, which has become known as the home of grand opera, all the greatest singers of European fame having appeared there.

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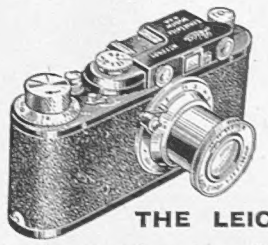

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